

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 522 VOL. XXI.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30. 1865.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS \$1 00.]

"Reconstruction."

THE people of the United States have watched with absorbing interest, not unmingled with impatience, the developments of President Johnson's plan of "reconstruction," as the re-habilitation of the rebel States is sometimes called. The antecedents of the President, his sacrifices on his accession to his high office, all tended to inspire the public over which he was so suddenly called on to preside, with a confidence that the results of our long and weary struggle would not be lost through weakness or treachery. All comprehended the difficulties of the task before him, and all were, as they still are, willing to second his efforts in restoring the Union on the basis of permanence, itself impossible without the radical removal of the pre-existing disturbing causes. This process, all have comprehended, must necessarily be slow. The development of the President's plans, however, were not of a kind to increase the confidence of the loyal men of the country; the speeches and conduct

of some of the provisional governors of his appointment were those of secret, if not open rebels, and the almost complete ignoring of the results of the war, by the rebel States, except as regards the mere personal freedom of the blacks, was a cause of deep and widespread alarm. The people longed for a clearer exposition of the President's policy than could be deduced from what was going on before them. Happily it has been afforded, in a somewhat wordy speech from Mr. Johnson himself, to a committee of Southern men, and in a concise and clear enunciation from Mr. Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, to the Republican Convention of Iowa. Although latest in date, we give the first place to the indications of the President. He said:

"While I think that the rebellion has been arrested and subdued, and am happy in the consciousness of a duty well performed, I wanted not only you, but the people of the world, to know that while I dreaded and feared disintegration of the States, that I am equally opposed to consolidation or concentration of power here, under whatever guise or name they bear; and if the issue is forced upon us, I shall still endeavor to pursue the same efforts to dissuade from this doctrine of running to extremes."

In other words, Mr. Johnson is determined to

maintain the sovereignty and independence of the States, so far as they may not endanger the national integrity, or the perpetuity of the general Government. Unfortunately the measure of this relationship is a matter of individual, State, or sectional interpretation, and must remain so, at the risk of eternal discord, unless the relation of the States and the nation are so distinctly defined as to admit of no dispute. Probably Mr. Johnson would assent to this statement, and point to that article of the Constitution which provides for its amendment as a remedy for the anticipated evil.

At any rate, he has acted strictly in accord with his avowed principles in his proclamations providing for the re-organization of the rebel States. He holds that the results of the war have not changed or impaired the Constitution or laws of those States, as they existed at the outbreak of the rebellion, except as regards slavery, and in that respect only so far as set forth in the Proclamation of President Lincoln. That Proclamation made the slave free, but according to Mr. Johnson's interpretation, gave him no political rights.

Slaves, now freedmen, may be in the majority in the State, as they are in Mississippi and South Carolina, but they can have no voice in determining the future relations of those States. Mr. Johnson does not pretend that they ought not to have such a voice, but only that it is beyond his authority to confer it on them. He knows that it is not Republicanism, to deny them a voice; he knows it is not right, and we may add that he suggests no remedy for the wrong. His is an executive duty. He takes the constitution for his chart; he will administer it as he finds it, or accordingly as the people, the source of all power, may change it, or as the representatives of the people, within their province, may interpret it.

And here comes in the letter of Secretary Harlan as an indication and guide. The Constitution guarantees to every State a Republican form of Government, and as Congress is equally the judge of the qualifications of its own members, it will be competent for it to ask, when the members from South Carolina and Mississippi present themselves, if they appear there as the true representatives of the



ENORMITIES OF THE DAY - BARBACUTE METHOD OF CONVEYING CALVES AND SHEEP TO THE SLAUGHTER HOUSES OF NEW YORK CITY.—FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT

people of their respective States, conformably with the requirements of Republicanism? In other words, if their States, denying to more than half of their people all political rights, are in form or principle Republican?

We cannot present the point in question more clearly than in the language of Mr. Harlan:

"President Johnson maintains the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States does not confer on the Federal Government the right to interfere, primarily, with the question of suffrage in any State of the Union; that the question may be and properly be decided by Congress, when Senators and members present themselves for admission to seats in that body, under the clause of the Constitution which makes each House the exclusive judge of the qualifications and elections of members; and that other clause of the Constitution of the United States, which provides that 'the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a Republican form of Government.' I infer that if any State should adopt a law on the subject of suffrage, which would clearly show the State Government to be other than Republican, it would be the duty of Congress to reject applicants for seats, and to adopt whatever legislative remedies would in their judgment be necessary to carry out the guarantee of the Constitution."

In effect, President Johnson remits to the only body competent to act on the matter, the question whether the rebel States shall come back, without fully in substance and spirit conforming to the altered condition of the country. That he will carry out, with the full power of the Executive arm, the decisions of this only competent body is certain; and if the rebel States imagine for a moment they are to retain the substance of their ancient oligarchical despotism, and come back with augmented political strength, to ally themselves with Northern minorities to control the policy and patronage of the Government, they will find themselves mistaken. They can never have a representative in Congress until they reform their constitutions, so as to make them Republican, in the judgment of the body which must decide on the qualifications of its own members. Let them take warning in time. The moral triumphs of this war are to be as grand and permanent as the material ones.

FRANK LESLIE'S



A NEW FAMILY PAPER.

Circulation over 50,000.

This valuable Family Paper has now reached its Seventeenth Number, and a circulation of upwards of 50,000, showing in its unprecedented success, that it meets a great popular demand, and a thorough appreciation in the Family Circle.

Each Number contains a variety of short stories from our best American writers, Sketches of Travel and Society, Anecdotes of Natural History, Biography, Poetry, Agricultural and Horticultural Directions, Family Medical Prescriptions, Notes and Queries, Parlor Pastimes, Comic Pictures and Portraits.

THE CHIMNEY CORNER has a select corps of upwards of two hundred contributors, and has a complete editorial staff of established ability and large experience.

In addition to these literary attractions THE CHIMNEY CORNER is the most elaborately illustrated Family Paper ever published, the designs being made expressly for it by the most eminent artists.

Every number contains a striking portrait, with an original biography of some eminent person, who has risen by his own exertions to a distinguished position in our Great Republic.

With Nos. 1 and 2 of the CHIMNEY CORNER was presented, gratuitously, a magnificent plate, entitled:

Grand Reception of the Notabilities of the Nation at the White House, 1865.

The picture contains nearly 100 portraits of our most celebrated Generals, Statesmen and Civilians, also of many of our most distinguished American ladies. This is the most costly and fine plate ever presented by any publisher in the United States, having been produced at an expense of

\$10,000.

Every Family should possess this truly national picture, and carefully preserve it, as it will transmit to future generations the men who have restored our great national unity. The splendid gift plate will be sent to all subscribers.

THE CHIMNEY CORNER is issued every Tuesday in New York. It is electrotyped, and back numbers can be had by ordering the same of any News Agent.

Terms for the Chimney Corner:

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH NUMBER.

One copy, three months.....	\$1 00
One copy, six months.....	2 00
One copy, one year.....	4 00
Two copies, one year, to one address, in one wrapper.....	7 50
Four copies, one year, to one address, in one wrapper.....	15 00
Five copies, one year.....	20 00
(With an extra copy gratis to the person sending a club of five.)	
One copy of Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner and one copy of Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine (the most complete Lady's Book published) for one year.....	7 00

Address FRANK LESLIE,
337 Pearl Street, N. Y.

QUERIES.—Why are pretty girls like oatmeal cakes? Because they give the heartburn. Why do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of waves on the shore? Because they are murmurs of the tide. Why is playing chess a more exemplary occupation than playing cards? Because you play at chess with two bishops and at cards with four knaves. What commodity is always afforded at cost? The law. If you want to be a "swell" of the first water, what should you do? Get the dropy. In what circumstances is a woman that wears slaps? Straitened circumstances.

Barnum's New American Museum.
BROADWAY, between Spring and Prince streets. Increased Attractions. Open from Sunrise until 10 P. M. Over 100,000 Onlookers; a Sixth Season has just been added, in which is exhibited the identical LINCOLN LOG CABIN built by ABRAHAM LINCOLN in 1860, and in which he resided for two years. Three of the Tallest Giants in the World; largest Fat Woman Living, and prettiest Circassian Girl ever seen. Bohemian Glass Blowers; two Glass Steam Engines in motion. A Cherokee Indian, born without arms; Professor Hutchings, Lightning Calculator. Afternoon at 3; Evening at 7½. Another New Spectacular Drama, SADA AND KALAS, RADE; or, THE WATERS OF OBLIVION. Splendid Scenery, Costumes and Effects. Sada's Female Light Guard, Magnificently Armed and Accoutred. Previous to FANTOMAS, MADAME MARIE MACARTE, in brilliant acts. W. B. Harrison, Extensive Super; Mammoth Frogs, Master Timothy, weight 30 lbs.; in Comic Evolutions. Cosmorama, Stereoscopic, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, Mammoth Turtle, &c.
Admission, 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

Grand Exhibition of the Victoria Regia,
the wonderful and celebrated mammoth water plant of the Amazon, in full bloom, raised at an expense of over \$4,000, at REID'S Floral Establishment, 507 Broadway.
E. BALKEW, Proprietor.
Admission 50 cents; Children 25 cents.

Caution.—Those using the RED JACKET BITTERS are warned to beware of impositions and counterfeits. The proprietors are doing their utmost to protect the public against counterfeits. Each bottle has a private U. S. Revenue six cent Stamp over the cork, and the proprietors' name, BENNETT PIETERS & CO., blown in the glass of the bottle.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To secure the return of contributions that may not be accepted for publication, stamps sufficient to pay the return postage must be enclosed.

All manuscripts should bear the author's name and address in full.

Manuscripts should be written on one side of the leaf only.

It is best for writers to preserve copies of their articles, especially when short, and thereby spare trouble and expense.

Contributions for the return of which stamps are not enclosed, will be destroyed if not accepted.

The Revolution in Peru.

THE tame, not to say cowardly, submission of the Government of Peru to the insolent demands of Spain, has resulted, as was supposed it would, in a revolution, which has been singularly unanimous and bloodless. The whole country, with the exception of Lima and its vicinity, where the general Government has its seat, and is able to exercise some influence if not much power, through the means of a well-paid garrison, has rejected the authority of Gen. Pezet, accidental President, through the death of the President, Gen. San Roman. Ariquipa, the second city of Peru, Cuzco, Piura, Ayacucho, indeed all the principal towns, have pronounced against the weak Administration in Lima, and call for a change in the personnel of the Government. The permanent commission of the Congress, sitting in Lima, has also demanded a change in this respect. The revolution calls for no change in the constitution or laws, nor for any sweeping reforms. It requires simply that the rulers who have humiliated the State, and who are not above suspicion of collusion with Spain, shall give up the reins of power and leave the country. It spilla no blood, for the unanimity of the people is such that no collision can occur, and there will be no fighting—unless, indeed, Pezet and his accomplices shall have the temerity to contest the popular wish by arms. They are now shut up in Lima, the navy has abandoned them, and Callao (the port of the capital) is blockaded by the revolutionary forces.

Attempts have been made to stigmatize the movement in Peru as a "rebellion," but they will deceive no one acquainted with the facts of the case. The truth simply is, that Pezet, like Almonte and Miramon in Mexico, Santana in San Domingo, and Garcia Moreno in Ecuador, is a pliant tool and confederate of the parties to the European coalition against Republicanism in America, a weak, vain, unprincipled man, distrusted and despised by the people of Peru, and who has been the instrument of their humiliation in the recent difficulty with Spain.

Among the acts of Pezet and his handful of partisans was the arrest of that sturdy old Peruvian patriot, Gen. Castilla, several times President of the country, and at the time of his arrest President of the Senate, and his incarceration on board a filthy war-vessel, which was sent off on a long cruise, first on the American and then to the Asiatic coast. This vessel was in Panama not long ago, where a distinguished Spanish American officer and statesman obtained admission to her. We subjoin his account of his visit from a private letter:

"The Peruvian vessel of war, Admiral Guise, on board of which the well-known Gen. Castilla, for several terms President of Peru, is prisoner, arrived in this port last week. It was not, however, until yesterday, that I

was able to obtain permission to visit him, and then only under the condition not to give him any information of the revolution in Peru, nor to speak with him on the political condition of that country. The commander of the vessel told me that he was obliged to exact these conditions under orders from his Government, with the object that the prisoner should know nothing of what might be going on in Peru. I suppose the General understood this, inasmuch as he made no reference to anything relating to that Republic. The officers of the vessel informed me that he had been deprived of all communication with his friends, even to the suppression of the letters from his wife.

"The Guise is the most uncomfortable vessel I ever saw, and the treatment of Gen. Castilla is infamous. The Peruvian Consul here was able to send to his late President a box of wine, for which he offered me a glass, served on a filthy box, for which the General asked to be excused, saying that he was ashamed that he was unable to treat me with greater decency.

"Notwithstanding, the poor old man sustained his personal dignity, and I found him energetic, strong, and speaking with enthusiasm of the American Union against European pretensions. He was ignorant of the great events which had taken place in the United States during the past few months, and was so overjoyed to hear of the triumph of the American cause, as to forget for the moment the indignity and cruelty with which he has been treated by the actual Government of Peru.

"When I informed him of the death of President Lincoln, he was affected to tears, and found language too weak to express his horror of the crime and of those who incited it.

"The depth of his sorrow was only equalled by the height of his joy on learning of the sympathy evinced in the United States for the Liberal cause in Mexico, and of the glorious result of the heroic defence of the patriots of Santo Domingo. The intelligence roused the energy of the old man, who appeared to recover the vigor of a youth of twenty.

"My visit was a long one, and he expressed himself much gratified with my attention. He is now quite deaf, in consequence of exposure suffered on board the vessel, which is close, dirty, and uncomfortable in the extreme.

"This afternoon there came into port a Peruvian steamer, bringing sealed dispatches to the commander of the Guise. The treatment of Gen. Castilla shows that there is nothing of Republicanism in Peru, as represented by the existing Government. The country was literally weighed down by the tyranny that existed there, which seems fully to have justified the appeal to arms which has resulted in general and bloodless, and almost complete revolution against Gen. Pezet and his government."

THE Britannia Theatre, London, has produced a grand romantic drama, entitled, "The Confederate's Daughter; or, the Tyrant of New Orleans." The actor who plays the part of Gen. Butler has had his salary doubled, as a compensation for the groans and hootings he is obliged to encounter from the pit and gallery. A London correspondent observes, that the General bids fair to take his place in the popular history, drama and ballad of England with crook-back Richard, Guy Fawkes, Blue Beard, Haynau, Herod, and other interesting characters of ancient and modern time; and that if he and Judas Iscariot were to walk arm in arm through the New Cut or Seven Dials, the Jew would not get the worst of it, such is the ignorance and prejudices of the British masses.

THE statutes of the State of Maine permit a prisoner arraigned for murder to testify in his own behalf. A case has recently been tried in that State in which a man, charged with killing, was enabled to refute the evidence against him and obtain his release. The testimony of witnesses left no doubt that the prisoner killed the person alleged; but as the deed was done in the dark no one but himself could know whether it was in self-defence or not. The remarkable simplicity and apparent truthfulness of the prisoner, his prompt and ready answers, freedom from all contradiction and equivocation, and, in fact, every test of truth were so striking, that the court, jury, and the crowd of listeners were all convinced that he was fully justified in the killing. Without his own testimony, however, it is doubtful if he could have escaped conviction.

THE Democratic Convention for the State of New York adjourned on the 7th. It nominated Republican candidates for Secretary of State and Comptroller, and adopted, among others, the following resolution, which is only a paraphrase of that adopted by the convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln:

"Resolved, That the position originally taken by our Government in reference to the interference of European Powers with the people of this continent, called the 'Monroe Doctrine,' is a policy which has preserved peace and avoided foreign entanglements, and cannot be abandoned without dishonor to us as a Power among nations, nor without danger to democratic institutions."

ONE of the few loyal counties of Mississippi, during the war, was the county of Jones, which furnished a large contingent of soldiers to the Union army. It sent a sturdy delegate to the late convention for reorganizing the State, named Crawford. One of his speeches is reported as follows:

"Mr. President—Sir, I have come up here to express the feelings of my constituents on the great subject. I come up here, sir, to represent my constituents where I come from. People hoot and wink up the streets and say 'There goes Mosbyback from Jones!' but, sir, I have no prejudices; I am disposed to treat my enemies in a more Christian, a more missionary spirit than they treated me. I am a Mosbyback, sir; and I stand here to-day to represent the county of Jones, otherwise known as 'the free state of Jones.' But let not people think to insult me with impunity. I love a dog for his faithfulness; but the yelping of puppies I despise. People said that the county of Jones—'the free state of Jones'—seceded from Mississippi. Yes, sir, we did secede from the Confederacy; and, sir, we fought them like dogs, we killed them like devils, we buried them like asses—yes, like asses, sir! My people down there in the county of Jones did, in their sovereign capacity, did secede, and did become Mosbybacks, sir. We did fight them like dogs, and will kill them like hellions—like hellions, I say, sir. But I didn't come up here to gas, sir, and I surrender my rights to the floor, sir, expressing only one sentiment—that I stand up for the county of Jones in general; yes, sir, I am for Jones all the time."

THE Richmond Bulletin, speaking of Stonewall Jackson, says: "Possibly a prejudice may exist in their minds [those of loyal people] against General Jackson—a prejudice growing out of the fact that he drew the sword in the late war against the United States." Well, yes.

THE following paragraph, from a speech of John Randolph, of Roanoke, on the floor of Congress,

Published in the Commercial Advertiser, of Jan. 8, 1817, shows that the plan of overthrowing an obnoxious administration by force of arms, in imitation of the customs and habits of foreign nations, was cherished at a very early day in this country:

"The time has arrived when there is no longer any necessity for suppressing the fact that the grand army of Richmond, Virginia, was built with an eye to putting down Mr. Adams' administration with the bayonet, if it could not be accomplished by other means."

THE following passage from a late letter of his to Gen. Grant shows that Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, is not the Wise of four years ago, but a wiser, and, it is to be hoped, a better man:

"So far from my being opposed to the name 'freedmen,' as indicating the condition of slaves freed by the war, the chief consolation I have in the result of the war, is that slavery is for ever abolished; that not only the slaves are, in fact, at least freed from bondage, but that I am freed from them. Long before the close of the war, indeed, I had definitely made up my mind actively to advocate emancipation throughout the South. I had determined, if I could help it, my descendants should never be subject to the humiliation I have been subject to by the weakness, if not the wickedness, of slavery; and while I cannot recognize as lawful and humane the violent and shocking mode in which it has been abolished, yet I accept the fact most heartily as an accomplished one, and am determined not only to abide by it and acquiesce in it, but to strive, by all the means in my power, to make it beneficial to both races, and a blessing especially to our country. I unfeignedly rejoice at the fact, and am reconciled to many of the worst calamities of the war, because I am now convinced that the war was a special providence of God, unavoidable by the nations at either extreme, to tear loose from us a black idol, from which we could never have been separated by any other means than those of fire and blood, sword and sacrifice."

THE telegraph tells us that Gen. B. E. Lee, late commander-in-chief of the rebel forces, has availed himself of the instrumentality of Gen. Grant, to apply to the President for pardon. On what grounds he founds his application, unless that of "having always been a Union man," we are at a loss to discover. There is a great deal of mawkish sentiment abroad about this man, which has about the same foundation or excuse as that which is usually bestowed on "interesting criminals," whose "gentlemanly bearing" more than condones their crimes, and whose well-earned cells are carpeted by young ladies deriving their notions of morality and propriety from the yellow-covered literature of the day. If treason is to be regarded as a crime at all, not to say, as President Johnson defines it, "the greatest of crimes," then it concerns public morality and the national welfare, that such a man as Lee shall meet his deserts at the bar of public opinion, if not in the dock where stands the shivering instrument of the barbarities which his authority could have prevented—we mean the wretch Wirz, of Andersonville. If crime is to be apotheosized in his person, if his traitorous conduct is to go undenounced by justice, if his name is not to be held odious, it might be as well to confess at once that wealth, office, pretension, pomposity, some ability and a great deal of assumption, are enough to outweigh and entirely excuse conduct, that without these inadmissible palliations would be condemned as utterly inconsistent with patriotism, a high sense of honor, or fidelity to the plainest duties of a decent and loyal citizen. Is the country willing to say, in his case, that attempts upon its life are to be forgiven as soon as the power to commit them has been wrested from the traitors who made them? Is the worst punishment of treason to be only its disappointment? An attempt is making to place this pink and paragon of treason in the Presidency of a Virginia College! What are the doctrines to be taught there? That it is the duty of every citizen "to go with his State," regardless of the question of right or wrong, or as a real or artificial majority may indicate? That the desertion of the flag he is sworn to support is no offence moral or legal? That starvation of prisoners is a legitimacy in war? That it is right to employ incendiaries and assassins on "detached service," to burn down hotels and murder Presidents? That it is decent in a vanquished general to glorify his troops and his cause, and thus abuse the generosity and leniency of his conqueror? There is not an enemy of the United States, a secret rebel or open foe, at home or abroad who does not extol Gen. Lee. Even "provisional governors" of rebel States are permitted to blaspheme the name of Washington by mentioning his in the same connection. But we look in vain for anything on his conduct or character to justify the encomiums lavished upon him. What are the great battles that he has won? Where are the evidences of his chivalry and gentility? They are illusive. A cold-blooded, commonplace, in every sense mediocre man, save in that quality of animal courage which he shares with the bull-dog, he stands before us to-day blackened by inhumanities for which language has no name. Robert E. Lee deserted the flag he had sworn to uphold, and the Government that educated and supported him. He became the leader of insurgents whose insurrection he believed to be unequalled for. He deferred his submission long after he knew that he was beaten and his cause hopeless. He allowed the villainies of Andersonville and Libby to go on unrestrained and unrestrained. That such a foe of his country has been lucky enough to escape the bullet or the gallows should abundantly content his friends and himself. Let the defeated Slave Power worship Lee as their hero—as indeed he is. But let the North consign him to the abhorrence of all loyal souls.

THE wheat crop of the country is hardly an average one, but the deficiency is likely to be more than made up by the corn crop, thanks to the fine warm weather of the first two weeks of September. There will be more corn harvested, and probably more pork made, in this than was in any former year; and both of these staples must be cheaper throughout '66 than they have been in '65. It is estimated that the good weather of September

Has added fifty millions of dollars to the value of our agricultural products for the year.

An election has just been held in South Carolina for members to a convention to amend the constitution of that State. In the city of Charleston, out of 1192 votes polled, the "Union" candidates received 137. The unpardoned rebel cavalry leader, Wade Hampton, the most contumacious of the fire-eaters, has been elected to the convention. We may expect to see a nice lot of rebels sent to Congress from the Palmetto State! Fortunately, Congress has the right to judge of the qualifications of all men who present themselves as members.

The desperation to which some of the Southern chivalry have been reduced to, by the close of the war, is illustrated by the Richmond (Va.) *Republic*, as follows:

"We lately heard a desperate threat from a man who was short of funds. He said he would have money—if he had to work for it! If he had threatened to commit highway robbery or murder, he could scarcely have worn an aspect of more ferocious determination. We could not doubt that he sincerely regarded labor as the last resort of a gentleman; beneath his dignity, and only excusable on the ground of absolute necessity."

The rebel Indian tribes, out West, Albert Pike's pet children, are being "reconstructed." It is well known that many of them held slaves. The representatives of the Government in the great Indian council, now going on at Fort Smith, insist, as an indispensable condition to a restoration of these tribes to their ancient relations with the United States, "that slavery must be immediately abolished, and freedmen have the right of being incorporated into the tribes on an equal footing with the other members thereof."

TOWN GOSSIP.

In Charing Cross, which is a sort of Five Corners in London, coming out of the Strand, were sufficient to astonish old Sam Johnson a century ago, what would the author of that incoherent book, the Dictionary, have said, had he ever walked down Broadway. That intelligent creature, our constant reader, is doubtless aware that the old bear of Lexicons grewled out in a sort of Saint Vitus state of admiration, that the pulse of the human heart beat fullest at that spot, the aforesaid Charing Cross. But the ponderous vocabularist knew no better, and so we will transfer his axiom to Broadway, in New York.

Sitting on the calm shores of that most charming lake, Mahopac, philosophically waiting for a nibble, it seems to us as though we had never realized the marvelous force and vivacity of the great artery of American life. It is only by contrast that we feel the full force of a great fact. An hour in Broadway is equal to a day in any other city. Indeed, in no other city in the world can that concentration be found. In this respect it is at once a great metropolis, and at the same time a little village. If you start from Delmonico's to Union Square about one o'clock in the afternoon, you will meet more celebrities than in any other city on the face of the globe; and not only American celebrities, but the famous of the world. We say nothing about the beautiful women, for there is more loveliness floating on this far-famed promenade, than has been seen since the days of Zenobia or Cleopatra, when Lucian said: "All women were beautiful."

As an instance of what Broadway can do, one day last week we met, within a couple of blocks, a collection which threw the happy family into the shade. There was a remarkable conjurer, half a score solid British capitalists, with Sir Morton Peto at their head, all looking as solemn as their own National Institution, plum-pudding, and with about as much expression in their faces—a Mexican President, a favorite actress, a well-known pugilist, the leader of the American Bar, the new prima donna, about a dozen editors, an elegant assortment of burglars, and a distinguished general, of whom the enemy kept so carefully out of his way, that he has never once had the pleasure of seeing them. Such a fortunate hero will make an admirable governor for New Jersey. In this respect, the great via sacra of New York has no counterpart on the globe. To see old Sam Johnson's smile, it is the great artery through which all living virtue and vice, all illustrious men and women, focused for the time being in the metropolis of the New World, pass through at least once a day, by the digestive process of business or curiosity.

One of the pleasant topics in the literary circles during the last week, has been the discriminating criticism in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for September, on Forsyth's *Life of Cicero*, lately published here by Scribner. There is really so little scholastic criticism in this country, that when we find a work so admirable as Forsyth's *Cicero* reviewed in a spirit of learning and acute appreciation, we note the event as something pleasurable. There are so many points in common between the age of Cicero and our own, that nothing is more profitable than a close comparison between them. The reviewer in the *Atlantic*, while doing full justice to the multiliterary learning of Middleton, and the store of information his life of the great orator contains, rightly says, that without undervaluing the great learning and research displayed by Middleton, that Forsyth's recent work is certainly the very best biography of Cicero ever written, and that the numerous illustrations with which the volumes abound, give tangible and living interest to an ancient theme. Forsyth attributes the disastrous fate of the great Roman Consul to his vanity, but he will find that all men, whether ancient or modern, celebrated for their oratorical powers, have been remarkable for that failing. As an illustration, who are more oratorical than the ladies, and who—though with good reason—more vain? We do not know a more attractive book, whether for town or country, than Forsyth's *Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero*, who, in his day, wrote as long letters as even our own William H. Seward.

This has been an interesting week at the theatres, both for what it has introduced, and for what it has taken away. Mrs. Wood, jocund, brilliant and bounding, has bounded upon the Olympic stage, and charmed all with her well-turned ankles, and her still better turned vocalization. In Brongham's admirable burlesque of "Pocahontas" she was all that clever dramatist could desire, and although we missed him as Powhatan, the cast generally speaking was pretty good—after Brongham, Devide is decidedly the best on the stage—still even that clever comedian cannot give the rollicking savagism of the Indian king, who seems as though he could out of John Smith's head by way of a justification. Nevertheless, after Brongham and Devide, Pearson is a very acceptable representative of the scalping monster.

The past week ought to be thanked for one blessing—it has seen the last in New York of those dreary antiquities, the Kears!—a facetious weekly, playfully alluding to that popular man, their agent, says: "It is clear they came to bury their fame here for they brought their eggs with them." They are, however, very clever and elaborate articles, and it is a pity they did not find a better arena for the exercise of their eloquent efforts than the Broadway.

We have said so much about Barnum's New American Museum on another page that we content ourselves now by noting that his lecture-room is crowded every night to see the popular *melange* he provides for his friends. Herrmann is also drawing to the Academy of Music crowds who delight in his diatribe.

Next week we shall say something about the *Navis*, who once more tread their almost ancestral boards of Niblo's.

Appropos of Niblo's—we have much pleasure in contradicting the rumor that Mr. House, the author of "Arrah na Pogue," has claimed the authorship of "Romeo and Juliet," because his own name is in the well-known line of "a plague take both your Houses, I say."

Walshes commence with a new play by Tom Taylor, and with their usual admirable company. Mr. Young, one of the best comedians on the stage, has returned from his trip to England, and we notice that the piquant and laughable actress, Miss St. Clair, is one of the company now. Mr. Moss, at once ever verdant, courteous and ornamental, of course, is treasurer.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Gen. Steedman, commanding the Military Department of Georgia, in an order issued on the 1st inst., states that he has received information that a large number of rebel and national firearms, have improperly found their way into the hands of citizens in various parts of the State, and directs that they be immediately given up.

Hon. J. Warren Merrill, Mayor of Cambridge, Mass., has given \$10,000 to Waterville College, to endow the professorship of Natural History and Chemistry. The Trustees of the College have voted to name the professorship after the donor. Waterville College has received \$160,000 during the past year.

Rev. M. J. Cramer, a chaplain of the army, writes from Richmond to the *Western Christian Advocate*, that he met Dr. Edwards, of the Methodist Church, South, who, in response to a suggestion that the chaplain should preach in the church, said: "This cannot be done. The chasm between us and the Church North is too great to be thus easily bridged over. I fully and secretly believe in the divinity of slavery; and if I were to be called to appear before my judge, Jesus Christ, the next hour, I would, without any mental reservation whatever, preach up the divinity of slavery. It is divine sanction in the Holy Scriptures."

We learn from the Rio Grande border, that the French troops have been withdrawn from that line, and natives put in their places. The reason of this, is said to be the disposition of the French officers to give and take offence. Baron De Bruar, who wrote an insulting letter to our Gen. Brown, has been dismissed.

Both Kinnman, the Rocky Mountain trapper, has constructed and presented to President Johnson a "grizzly chair." The four legs, with the feet and claws in perfection, are those of a huge grizzly bear, while the arms, are the arms and paws of another grizzly; the back and sides are also ornamented with immense claws. The seat is soft and exceedingly comfortable, but the great feature of the "infestation" is, that by touching a cord, the head of a monster grizzly bear, with distended jaws, will dart in front from under the seat, snapping and gnashing its teeth as natural as life. The presentation came off at the White House one day last week.

An interesting trial took place in Ravenna last week, under the Ohio liquor law. A returned soldier named Greer, while in a state of intoxication, was robbed of \$100 by some unknown persons. His wife brought suit for damages against the saloon-keeper who sold him the liquor, and obtained a verdict in her favor of \$120.

The receipts of treasure at San Francisco, from different sources, during the first six months of this year were \$29,225,000, of which amount California and Nevada contributed \$25,071,782. The product of gold and silver mines on the Pacific coast, for the first six months of last year, was estimated at \$28,000,000; so we have here an increase of \$1,225,000, while the increase this year over the same period in 1863, is \$3,581,989.

The export of specie for the past eight months, has been only \$20,000,000. We are mining gold and silver at the rate of \$90,000,000 a year. The *Tribune* thinks that "the child is born who will see our annual product of gold and silver greater than all our exports of all commodities for any past year."

A fight between a bull and a panther came off near Monterey, a few weeks since, on which many bets were made by the Mexicans. The panther made a spring, alighting on the neck of the bull, seized him by the throat, and held on until the latter fell down exhausted with fatigue, fright, and loss of blood, and then soon put an end to the contest by tearing open the bull's throat in a most dreadful manner.

The newest thing out is "plumpers" for hollow checked damasks. The plumper is made of porcelain, pear-shaped in form, flat on one side and bulging out on the other. They fit on the inside of the cheeks, giving a round, plump appearance; hence doubtless their name.

One of the South Carolina railroads takes as fare, specie, greenbacks, corn, bacon, tallow or lard. Tickets must be purchased before entering the cars, for a notice warns the passengers that "no produce will be taken by the conductors on the train."

Daniel Webster, son of the late Col. Fletcher Webster, and grandson of the famous Exponent, died at Marshfield, on the 9th of Sept., aged 25.

The *Union Telegram* states that a few months ago Dr. Horton, of that city, lost two of his three children. Last week the doctor himself died. On the following day the remaining child, a bright girl of ten, did not feel well, and her mother gave her, as she supposed, a dose of geranium, but mistook for it yellow jasmine, which is a fatal poison when given in such a dose. The mother was unconscious of the mistake she had committed, until the daughter suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, ma, I can't breathe," and sank down and died. The father and daughter were both buried together, and a stricken one bowed alone over the grave, who was six months ago a happy wife and mother of three children.

Dr. William Bay, of Albany, died at the advanced age of 92, on the 7th of Sept. He retired from active professional life about ten years ago, when his medical brethren gave him a public entertainment, expressive of their respect for his character and talents.

On the 2d of Sept., at his Rooms in Broadway, died Thomas Worth Whitley, in his 69th year. He was a man of eminent simplicity of character, and kindness of heart, and possessed considerable ability as an artist and an author. He had been twice elected Justice of the Peace in Hoboken, and was distinguished for his integrity and humanity. He was born in Cornwall, England.

The excellence and fidelity of Anthony's war views, which extend over the entire area of the Southern States, has made them familiar to all who take an interest in the momentous scenes they depict. Next to the place itself, the interest centres in an exact counterpart taken from the very spot represented, which may be called a real sight of it. The views representing actual scenes of war, have been taken under circumstances of considerable danger, as well as expense. As one out of numerous instances, we quote an extract of a letter to Mr. Anthony from one of his photographers. It alludes

to his views of Dutch Gap: "I intended to take more views of the Gap, but the shells came a little too fast for me, smashing in the door where I was working, and knocking heaps of sand over my things. When the wind changed so as to blow out the smoke, I will get you views of the gunboats under fire at the Gap."

The city debt of New York is over \$30,000,000.

A company are digging for gold in Troy, Vt., and met with considerable success.

Mrs. Maria Thornton, who recently died in Washington, at the advanced age of 100 years, was the widow of Dr. Thornton, and the daughter of the famous Dr. Dodd, the original architect of the capitol, and the first Commissioner of Patents.

The New York Fall Book Trade Sale commenced on the 7th of September—the catalogue forms a volume of 400 pages.

A lady on Long Island, upon being applied to by the census taker, gave him the name of 90 of her children, and then told him she could not remember the names of the odd six or seven, she was not quite sure which.

A Cincinnati lady, very respectable and wealthy, but terribly jealous, has been arrested in the streets in male costume while watching the nocturnal rambles of her husband.

The Boston Post says: "The New England cotton mills are extending their operations as fast as the supply of hands permits. Some of the larger corporations have their agents in Lancashire, England, for procuring operatives, the supply in this country being inadequate. We hear of large new cotton factories being projected—one requiring an outlay of \$1,250,000."

The United States Penitentiary at Albany, New York, has 500 prisoners—84 are women. One-third of both sexes are colored. The "silent" system is so well carried out, that the first news the prisoners had of the murder of Mr. Lincoln, was from a discourse delivered by the Chaplain some weeks after the assassination.

An enterprising correspondent who has visited Galena, informs the public that Gen. Grant's salary while in charge of his father's hide store there, for two years before the war, was \$40 a month. He was unable to find out whether the General voted for Lincoln or Douglas in 1860, as none of the neighbors took interest enough to remember.

Gen. Fremont, Col. Zagony and another gentleman, have taken out a patent for expelling sap that produces rot in wood, and insert sulphate of iron and other substances that render it incorruptible. If the discovery is what they believe it, it will be a fortune to the owners of the patent. The wood can be prepared very cheaply, and will be used for railroad ties, wharves, ship-timber and various other purposes.

A clause in the Virginia amended constitution prohibited all who had aided, participated in, or sympathized with the rebellion from either voting or holding office. The first disability has already been removed by legislative action. The proclamation of Gov. Pierpont now submits to the people the question: "Shall the next General Assembly be clothed with power to alter or amend the third article of the constitution, namely, as to holding office?" There seems to be no doubt that this disability will also be removed.

A national bank has been established at Portland, Oregon, with a capital of \$100,000. This is the first moneyed institution having authority to issue bills ever organized on the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

The Richmond *Whig* states that the application for pardon of Robert E. Lee, late rebel General-in-Chief, has been laid before the President, accompanied by a friendly and complimentary note from Gen. Grant.

At the beginning of the war, Charleston, S. C., had about 5,000 houses; of this 1,500, or nearly one-third, have been burnt; and a large number of others were irreparably damaged by the bombardment. Columbia, the capital of the State, has suffered in like manner.

The Provost-Marshal at Harper's Ferry, Va., reports that within the past week the men of his command (a portion of the 19th New York), stationed at Sandy Hook, have been repeatedly fired upon from London Heights, by concealed foes, supposed to be returned rebel soldiers.

Gen. Schimmelpenninck, one of the bravest leaders on the Union side in the late war, died September 7th, at Wernersville, near Philadelphia. His disease was consumption, induced by exposure and fatigue in the service of his country.

Miss Hannah F. Gould, the poetess, died at her home, in Newburyport, Mass., September 5th. She was born in the last century, the first volume of her poems was published in 1832, and she has continued to be a prolific writer, both in prose and verse until quite recently.

Mr. Benjamin Brown died at his residence in Waterford, Conn., on September 2d, aged 95 years. He fought in the war of the Revolution, and bore arms in defence of New London, on the 6th of September, 1781, carrying a musket all the night previous, though but a lad, and was the first to decry the British fleet on that ever memorable morning.

A singular accident occurred to a railroad train which left Nashville the other day. A car containing ammunition blew up, destroying nearly all the cars in the train. There was but one passenger coach attached, but it was supposed that of those therein a considerable number were killed or wounded.

Since the fall of Richmond, upwards of 600,000 men, with all their regimental officers, have been mustered out, disbanded, paid off, and every man conveyed to his doorstep at the expense of the Government, over the whole expanse of our wide country.

The steamer *The Queen*, which arrived here on the 5th of September, on her first passage across the Atlantic, brought over 1,300 passengers, in addition to about 1,500 tons of cargo and coal for her return trip. She made the passage from Liverpool in 12 days.

Foreign.—Abd-el Kader attracted so much more attention in Paris than he did in London, that he left England in disgust. He is 55, very stout and very vain.

Late Paris fashions mention a general vanishing away and disappearance of bonnets. Birds, bouquets of flowers, kitchen gardens, all all gone! In April, every lady wore upon her head the foliage, the fruit, the living things of an island of the Pacific. In June, the astonished opera-glass explores the brilliant crowd almost in vain to find one vestige of a bonnet. The bonnet has retreated to the extreme rear; it barely flanks the extreme right and left wings of the wild and voluminous *coiffure* into which fashionable beauty twists, puffs, expands and frizzes its own hair, and all the other hair upon which it can lay its hands.

The personal habits of M. Thiers, the French historian and statesman, are peculiar. He rises at 4 A. M., takes a cup of coffee and goes to his study. There he works till 12 A. M., when he breakfasts with Madame Thiers, that being their only private meeting during the 24 hours. At 1 o'clock he dresses and goes out to spend an hour or so with the cabinet-makers and dealers who gratify his passion for curious old-fashioned furniture and knick-knacks. At 6 o'clock he goes home and goes to bed. He sleeps till 8, when he rises, for dinner. This is a great social occasion. Afterwards he receives his friends till midnight, when he goes to bed again. This sort of life he has led for many years.

The *Judea*, the accredited organ of the rebellion in London is dead. Its last number says: "This is the last number of the *Judea*. Many, we doubt not, will sympathize with the regret we feel in making the announcement. We deem it our duty to set forth why the publication of the *Judea* is stopped, and also say a few words of farewell." Then follows a statement of the reasons for ceasing the publication of the paper, the chief being the fall of the Southern Confederacy.

The Belgian Chambers have given their assent to a law which will leave the export of rags from that country free of duty after Jan. 1, 1866. Russia also has reduced her rag exportation tariff.

The official *Venice Gazette* contains some interesting details relative to the discovery of a painting by Raphael, known under the name of Madonna di Lerco, for a long time missing. This painting, when purchased lately at Mantua from a second hand clothesman, was covered with a thick coat of dust, which concealed the figure of the *anvras*. When cleaned, it proved to be a painting of exquisite beauty, and Professor Blass, after a minute examination, declared it to be not only an original Raphael, but one of the best preserved productions of that great master.

New carriages of a very luxurious kind are about to be placed on the Nicholas railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow. In addition to a handsomely-furnished saloon and smoking-chamber, each carriage comprises a series of smaller apartments opening on both sides of the corridor. The sofas, ottomans, and cushions of the daytimes, are at night converted into beds, mattresses, pillows, &c., so that the passengers can sleep with all the comforts of home. There are, of course, separate divisions for ladies and gentlemen, and when the travelers wake in the morning, they find their clothes brushed and folded by the attendants, and all the arrangements for the washing and dressing ready for use. Russia is supposed to be rather a backward country, but when will England reach this height of comfort and luxury in railway accommodation? Carriages of the description above-mentioned are to be provided on the Nicholas railway for the second and third, as well as for the first-class, the only difference being in the elegance of the fittings. A slight additional charge above the ordinary fares will be made for these vehicles, and those who do not choose to pay it can travel in the old carriages.

The Mexican decoration, entitled the Order of Our Lady of Guadalupe, was founded by the former Mexican Emperor, Augustus L. (Maximilian), re-established by Santa Anna, and again revived after the recent invasion of Mexico by the French. The Emperor Maximilian has just sent over a whole cargo of crosses for distribution by the Mexican Minister in Paris. Bessini, the composer, is among those on whom the Grand Cross has been conferred. Ross Bonheur has received the Cross of St. Charles of the Second Class. An English sea captain named Grover has also received the decoration for humane attention to save shipwrecked unfortunate.

The secular authorities have been obliged to interfere in a village called Petrovarin, in Upper Hungary, to prevent the working of miracles. Several persons, the majority of whom were girls of tender age, professed to see the Virgin with the Saviour in her arms in the foliage of a large tree. While some of the maidens lay on the ground in a state of ecstasy, the male "seers" collected money for the purpose of building a chapel on the spot. One day early this month no fewer than 4,000 persons were collected round the oak, under which were half a dozen girls, who either were or effected to be in a trance.

The Duke of Brunswick is reported to be on his death-bed. It is said that he has left \$30,000,000 francs to the Emperor, 12,000,000 to the Duke of Hamilton, and three to his aide-de-camp. What is to become of his collection of jewels is apparently not yet known.

Every chance of a deficient crop of wine in France this season is gradually disappearing, and although it is admitted that the produce in some vineyards will be less than was expected, the deficiency will be made good in other districts, so that a reduction in the price of wine is not only probable but almost certain.

The *Intellect Russ* publishes a rather remarkable article on the armaments of Russia. From it it appears that in 1813 Russia required 1,300,000 men to defeat Napoleon, and that the army rose to above 2,000,000 during the Crimean war. The years 1896-97 were anxious times for the country. All Europe appeared to menace her, and it became necessary to put 1,135,000 men on a war footing. At the end of last year over a quarter of a million men were dismissed, and it is hoped that the army will be reduced during the present year to its normal status, which the journals in question states to be 800,000 men. This number will, it adds, be necessary until the country shall have become pacified, and the roads, at present rough and almost impassable, fit for strategic purposes. Such an army is, no doubt, formidable, but it is probably no larger than necessary, when the vast extent of the Russian territory is considered. So enormous is it that it is doubtful, whether in case of war, it would be possible for the Government to bring more than 200,000 men into the field.

Siam, it appears, has enjoyed the rule of a literary monarch. The *Bankok Times* says: "Among the literary kings of the age may be added His Majesty the First King of Siam. His Majesty has written a great amount, although it does not appear in any one particular work. Should his writings ever be collected and published, they will compare well with his English princes and sovereigns of Europe."

In a consular report on the Fiji Islands, published by the British Foreign Office, it is shown that though far remote, that insular group is advancing rapidly in commercial importance. In 1864, the exports amounted to nearly £20,000, in which cocoa-nut oil constitutes the largest item, and cotton the next. The cotton plant is there a perennial, and the oil is so fertile, that the quality of the cotton is described as equal to that grown in South America. The climate is such that Europeans can work in the open air all the year round; the white population of the islands is about 300.

According to the latest advice just received from Europe, a vessel laden with grain, named the *Boxer*, Canal from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, realizing the hopes of M. de Lesseps and the French company, which, since 1859, has devoted itself to the great task with untiring energy.

BEEF TEA.

The waste of beef in making beef tea is enormous. 62,000lb. a year are used in one London hospital alone; and if any head of a household, where there has been long illness, will just sum up the addition to the butcher's bill in the shape of beef tea meat, he will be able to form some notion of the quantity used, and (many of the doctors are beginning to tell us) more than half wasted throughout the country. At the present price of meat this is a very serious matter. It is Liebig's theory that in beef tea, properly made, you get all the nutritive part of the beef, and leave nothing but a worthless mass of *bouilli* behind.

The *British Medical Journal*, on the other hand, asserts that fibrine is absolutely insoluble in water, and that a dog fed on beef tea dies as soon as one who gets nothing but mere water. If this be true, Liebig is as great a romancer in his way as the cook who, when asked by his noble master what use he could find for 30 hams for one dinner, replied:

"I shall put them all into no bigger than my thumb." We believe the safest way for the patient is to drink up that red meaty sediment which the "purists" so generally strain out. The fact is, Liebig's pint of tea made from a pound of beef yields by evaporation less than half an ounce of solid matter; and though we cannot admit that this "represents the whole nutritive matter contained in the pint of fluid" (for do not get us fed us) the result is certainly startling. The *Medical Journal* makes two suggestions; first, at the *bouilli*, which, of course, can only be done by a stomach capable of digesting boiled beef; next, use more wine and less beef tea in fever cases and the like. Wine is seldom rejected by the feeblest stomach, and it contains all the elements of the blood—alkalies, iron, albumen, traces of most of the acids; besides, wine by itself will support life for a very long time. We heartily agree with this latter suggestion. Wine, by all means, for sick poor as well as for sick rich. But how, if you please, are midding folks to get it? Where is the parson, for instance, to buy it for his poor and for himself? Madeira is not; port is no—4 c. not within the means of ordinary people.

BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM.

HAVING in a previous number illustrated the destruction of the old American Museum, we think it only due to the amusement-loving public, to illustrate the successor to that world-famous institution—Barnum's Museum—which has now traveled from the corner of Ann to midway between Prince and Spring streets, Broadway. It is a spot long known to New Yorkers as the Chinese Hall, where 16 years ago the elder Patti charmed the ears of concert-goers, and where four or five years later the Buckley Minstrels produced those capital burlesque operas, which grotesque miscegenation of the Italian and darky operas was the crowning triumph of burnt cork and melody. In future times, however, it will be more famous as the Carthage to which the modern Enne carried his scorched Penates, preparatory to founding a grander empire higher up town, which shall represent more the national character. To accomplish so great an object, Mr. Barnum can confidently rely upon the co-operation of the Government, as well as that of the people.

The new Museum, which is situated at 539 and 541 Broadway, consists of five long saloons, and a splendid Lecture Room—of which we give an exact representation. The stage of this room is 50 feet wide, by 46 feet deep, and the auditorium is about 80 feet deep, and calculated to hold 2,500 persons. The decorations are very elegant. Among the great advantages of the present building, is the rapid egress in case of any emergency, as ample doors on both ends enable the entire audience to pass out in five minutes.

Considering the brief space of time occupied in fitting up the present building, the variety and number of curiosities Barnum has succeeded in gathering together, are decided proofs that he is still the most energetic and able manager of the time. As evidence of his activity, we may mention, that long ere the ruins of his old Museum were cold, he had dispatched agents to Europe to gather up, without any regard to cost, every article of purchasable curiosity they could find. He is about proceeding himself to the old world to continue the search in person.

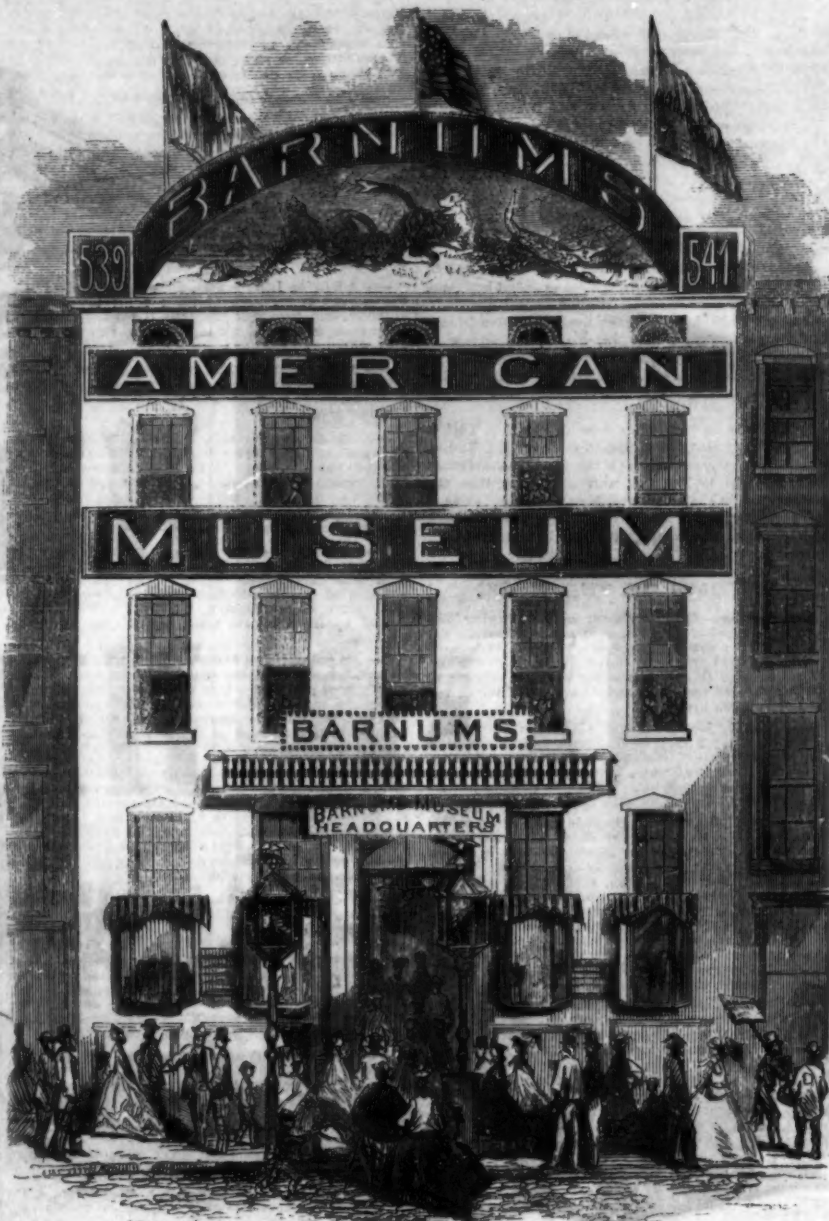
THE TURNERS' FESTIVAL AT CINCINNATI.

THE TURNERS are too well known to require any history—their objects, like most of those springing from the Teutonic race, are most comprehensive and praiseworthy, embracing at once health, recreation and benevolence.

Our sketch represents the gathering in front of the Turners Hall, which is situated in Walnut street, just above 14th street, in that most expansive of Western cities, Cincinnati. The meeting was held to celebrate the 11th Annual Festival of the North American Turner Band, and delegations came from Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, Washington, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas and New Jersey.

The Turners' Hall, the streets in the immediate vicinity, and also in several leading thoroughfares, were profusely decorated with flags and banners, while the music of many bands, and the charming melodies excellently sung by the deep-chested German voices, seemed to give inspiration to the surrounding air.

In this country, Turner societies date back from 1849, that famous year of German Revolutions. Since then



BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM, NO. 539 & 541 BROADWAY, N. Y., BETWEEN SPRING AND PRINCE STREETS.

they have been steadily gaining in numbers and importance, and promise in time to bind the great German heart in one.

The festivities commenced on Saturday night, Sept. 2, but the regular programme was for Monday, the 4th of Sept., when a salute was fired at daybreak to inaugurate the ceremonies.

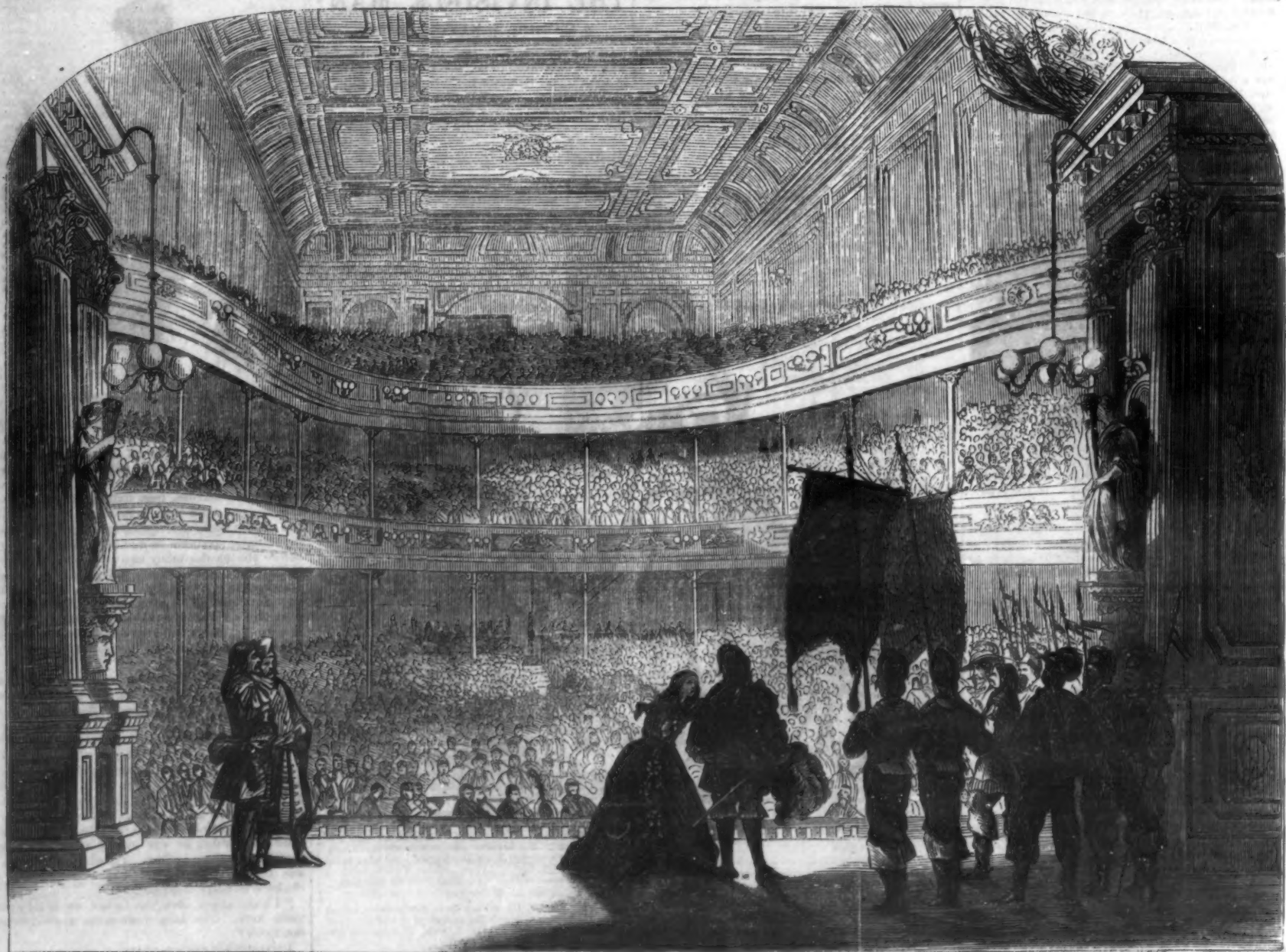
Their picnic was held at Parker's Grove, a beautiful spot about two miles from the city. Here they were addressed in an elegant speech by Mr. Jacobi, the President of the Association, who took upon himself the task which Mr. Mayor Harris was prevented fulfilling through sickness. Our space will only allow us to give one extract, which admirably embodies the intent of this great Association:

"If I refer to the benevolent purposes of your Association, I cannot refrain from speaking with admiration of your kindness to the sick and distressed, your generosity to the widow and orphan, and the helping hands you have always extended to the youth or the stranger in our land, to aid in procuring for them such employment that, through habits of industry and economy, they may acquire a competency, and become useful and honored citizens. Thus, on the one hand do you assist those who are worthy and willing, but who have not opportunity or means, and on the other, do you promote the material prosperity and growth of our city by bringing among us a worthy, industrious, energetic and patriotic people.

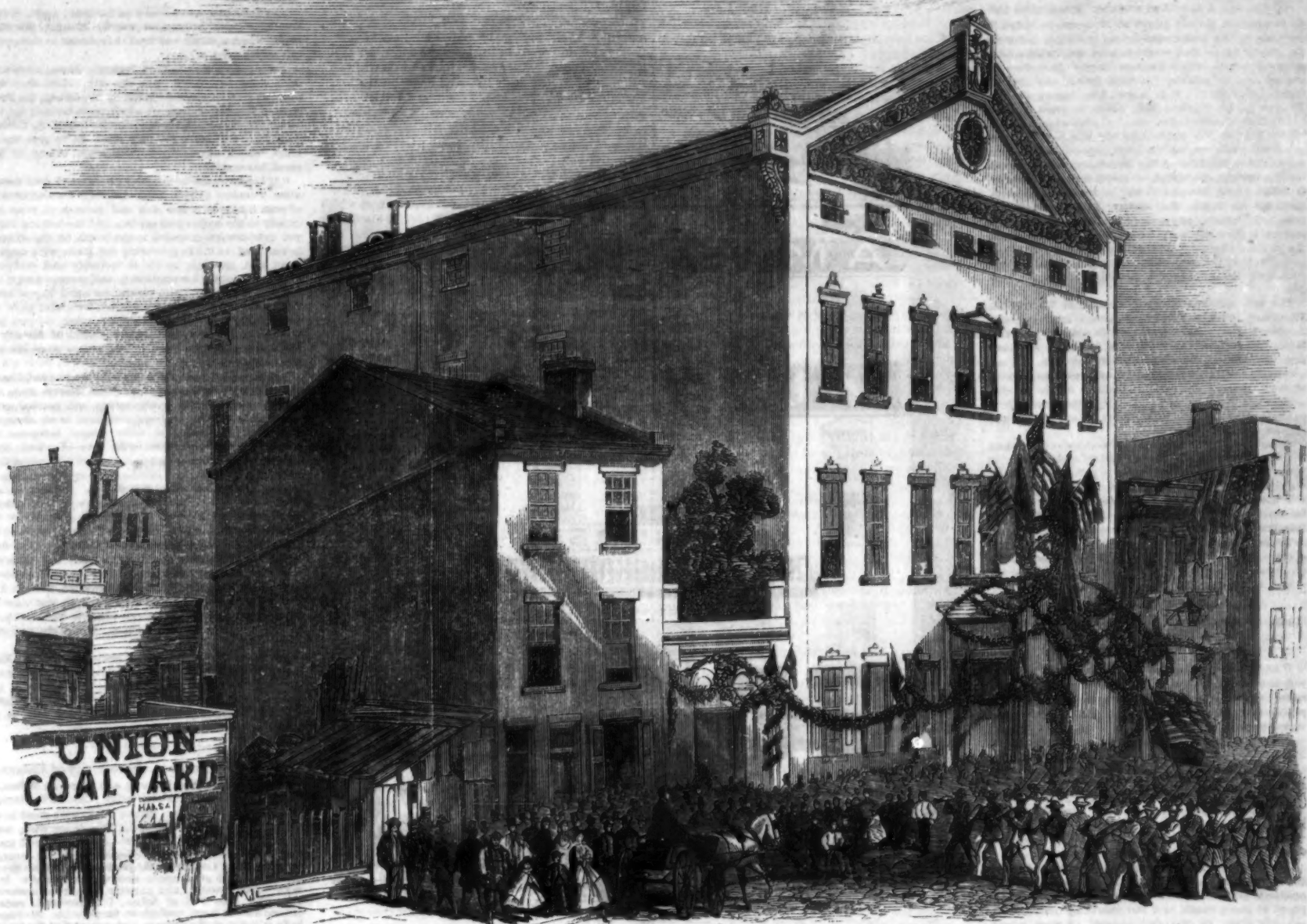
"If I consider another purpose of your order, I must accord equal praise to the labor you bestow upon the education of youth in many sports and martial exercises, whereby their physical condition is so strengthened and improved that when danger threatens the country of their adoption, with love of which their minds have become so imbued, they are not only willing to take up arms in her defense, but are more able to treat them as the true soldier should. These exercises discourage idleness and vice, and prevent that effeminacy which was the chief cause of the downfall of the Roman Empire. Its legions, once so formidable, which had borne the helmet, cuirass and buckler in the days of the Scipios, under the burning suns and upon the scorching sands of Africa, found that panoply too heavy in the cool climates of Germany and Gaul, and the Empire was lost. Thus will it ever be with that Government whose people suffer their strength and manhood to become enfeebled by idleness, sensuality and effeminacy."

After grand balls at Turners' Hall and Jefferson Hall, and a variety of entertainments, comprising dancing, gymnastics, singing, music, eating and drinking, the joyous gathering broke up on the Wednesday, after spending a most agreeable time, which will long be remembered by its numerous participants.

ARTESIAN WELLS are a peculiarity of Alabama. There are two in Montgomery and three in Selma, of various depths—all gushing wells. One in the former place gives a stream two inches thick, with great force, and of all the water I ever drank, this, to my taste, most merits the descriptive adjective—*good*. Before I knew that it was artesian water (so curiously could not occasion the sensation), I remarked the peculiarly palatable flavor, and drank with great gusto and without satiety. It is very "soft" water, and entirely free from noxious minerals. One well at Selma, I understand, runs a stream almost large enough to turn a mill. No augers have failed to strike water in Alabama, and in the prairie country at much more convenient depths. On account of the droughts, to which the plantations are subject, it may be artesian, instead of surface water, and might be profitably sought for the use of "stock."



THE LECTURE ROOM OF BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM.



GREAT GERMAN FESTIVAL—THE TURNER HALL, WALNUT STREET, ABOVE 14TH, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. WINDER & CO., CINCINNATI.



AN EPISODE.

The maples cast their lengthening shade
Athwart the pathway in the glade;
And Mary waits beside the gate,
Until the lazy hours grow late;
Her heart beats fast with quickened throb—
With many a hope, and many a sob.
"What if he should not come to me—
"Oh, I should so unhappy be!
"But then, they say, the war is done,
"And Johnnie dear, will meet me soon!"

The sun goes down—night shadows creep—
The twinkling stars begin to weep—
The moon comes up—but still no sound
Of footsteps fall upon the ground.
Fair Mary's heart a home for fears,
For hopes, and joys, and also tears;
"He will not come—the hour has fled,
"My Johnnie's numbered with the dead.
"He will not come—he will not come!
"Where sounds the tramp, and beats the drum,
"He lies in death—perhaps, Oh, God!
"Uncovered even by the sod."

She turns away with leaden pace,
With tearful eyes, and downcast face;
A rustle in the grass behind—
Around her waist an arm is twined—
Upon her lips a kiss is pressed—
She weeps from joy on Johnnie's breast.

THE INVISIBLE MAN:

A MADHOUSE RECOLLECTION.

OLD Polonius discovered, in his conversation
with the demented Dane, the method there often
is in madness. However much the doctors may dis-



"DEAR LITTLE BIRDIE, WHERE DID YOU COME FROM!"



SPOOK INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

agree on the question whether Hamlet's madness
was a sham article or a genuine, the truth is un-
deniable that there is a deal of that useful quality
—method—exhibited in the vagaries of the insane.

I have had much experience in the study of
insanity, *à posteriori*, from living and acting facts.
I have conversed with maniacs of every grade
and almost every description in some of the lead-
ing lunatic asylums in the land, and could lay
before the reader many cases illustrative of the
truth I have mentioned. My present purpose,
however, is not especially to prove or illustrate
anything; yet the reader will find, in the queer
relation I am about to produce, no little indication
of a careful observance of the general fitness of
things, adhered to amid the developments of a
most crazy conceit.

In the year 18— I resided in the city of Utica,
where is located the spacious and admirably con-
ducted State Lunatic Asylum of the State of New
York, and I was in the habit of making frequent
visits to that noble institution, where I was often
permitted to converse at liberty with patients of
a proper class. It was there that I one day met
the gentleman who related to me a portion of his
imaginary history. Seated quietly at my side, he
conversed with me on various topics with a coher-
ence and profundity, that seemed to render it very
doubtful whether he was indeed a fit subject for
confinement in an asylum. I doubted whether he
was not altogether sane. But after a while I
chanced to make this remark:

"I have never seen you before on any of my
visits here. You keep your room a good deal,
don't you?"

Instantly his eye was ablaze.

"Ah!" he said, "then you don't know that I am sometimes invisible?"

"Are you, indeed?"

"I am. At a word I can render myself invisible to mortal eye. You doubt me. If you will come to-morrow I will prove it to you; to-day there is too much electricity in the atmosphere, but I think to-morrow will be more favorable."

"You interest me."

"Stay, I will tell you my history. I know I can confide in you; honor beams in your clear eyes. On one condition, then, you shall hear all."

"Name the condition," I said.

"It is that you will not contradict me, nor disbelieve me. I cannot endure to have my veracity doubted; I am the soul of truth—I never told a lie in my life. You may not at once perceive the reasonableness of what I tell you, but you must not deny my truth. If I tell you, sir, that you are nothing but a papier-mache manikin, you must understand that, though you cannot comprehend that great truth, I can; for I have means of knowledge such as does not fall to the common lot. Do you agree not to deny me?"

"Most assuredly. I shall not contradict anything you say, however impossible it may seem to me. I would not be so rude."

"Enough. I will begin at the beginning."

You will not care to know where I was born. I have no reason to believe that I came into the world in any other than the customary manner. I am known here by the name of Thompson. My dear sir, that is all a fiction. My real name is Widge. My father's name was Ware, and my mother's maiden name was either Wenn or Watt, I have forgotten which. I had a brother, and his name was Wy, but he is dead.

When I was eighteen years old I loved the fairest maiden the world ever saw. Her father's name was Woo, and her own name was Lucille. She had light-colored, wavy hair, worn combed straight back from a brow of alabaster. She was of medium height, rather slightly built, and yet possessing a chastened and agreeable bombast. Her nose was slightly inclined to the Roman, and her eyes were large, full and blue. She had a round and dainty chin, with a little fold beneath barely suggesting the idea of a double chin. So much for the lady.

We moved in different spheres. She was a fashionable belle and I was a book worm. Yet we met occasionally at social parties, and I touched her hand in the dance as I might touch the hem of a thousand dollar handkerchief, never thinking of such a thing as pressing to my lips such a treasure.

But gradually a change came over the spirit of my dream. She seemed to look upon me, and awakened hopes in my breast, which eventually led to love and the betrothal. I asked her papa's consent, and he told me to go back to my mother. I left him in despair, and wrote a note to Lucille proposing an elopement. Alas! angry papa got hold of the note, and raised a rumpus. He took Lucille out of society, and forbade me to enter his house again.

Imagine me, sir, on that eventful night, perusing a document I had received from the angry parent, to the above effect. I tore the note into infinitesimal atoms, and scattered them to the four winds. I flung back my coat collar and strode the room with lowering brow.

As I strode thus back and forth, occasionally thrusting my fingers frantically through my hair, to reduce it to a properly disheveled illustration of raging anguish and unappeasable woe, casting frequent glances in my mirror to observe the effect, I was suddenly made conscious of the presence of a second party in my room, by a low chuckle. I looked toward the corner whence the sound proceeded, and there, perched on the back of my big easy chair, sat a cunning imp, with an elbow resting on a knob of the chair-back, supporting on a webby hand a little rat-like head, with great watery eyes.

"Widge," said the imp, "how are you?"

"Tolerable," said I; "how's yourself?"

"Warm and hearty," Widge," said the imp.

"Do you want anything of me?" I inquired.

"Well, n—nothing special. But I say, don't you want something of me?"

"Really, I can't—"

"Hold on, Widge! You're in trouble. Ain't you?"

"I said I was a little that way."

"Of course you are, my dear fellow," said the imp; "I help folks out of trouble. Don't you want anything of me, Widge?"

"Oh, you're there, are you?" said I; "ah-hem! Who are you, any way?"

"Spook!" said the imp.

"Well, Spook, you're not the devil in miniature, are you?"

"Widge, you do me an injustice. I am an honest imp, and mean you well."

"Pardon, good Spook! Well, then, if you can aid me in defying the ban of the paternal Woo, why that's the boy for me."

"Precisely."

"Yes; can you help a fellow?"

"I can, Widge."

"Will you, Spook?"

"I will, Widge."

"Good fellow! Give us your paw on that," said I, stepping forward with outstretched palm. But the imp made a gesture to me to keep off, and said:

"Look here, Widge!"

I looked. The imp lifted up both his hands, winding a leg around the chair-knob for support as he did so, and then gradually brought his palms together, shook them heartily, and was gone.

Astonished, I rushed forward to the chair on which he had sat, when I was arrested by the squeaking voice:

"Look out, Widge! Look out, Widge! Don't squeak a fellow!"

I stared amazed.

"Why, where is a fellow?" I said.

"He! he! he!" squeaked the voice; "under your nose, Widge, under your nose! Can't see me, can you?—that's the talk. Here I am."

And there he was; complacently scratching the end of his nose and grinning at me as if bubbling over with delight.

"Well, I declare!" remarked I.

"Do you?" said the imp.

"What does it mean, Spook?"

"It means, my dear boy, that I will help you."

"I don't see."

"Listen! I will give you the power of invisibility. Go, stand before that mirror, and do as you are bid."

I walked across the room to the mirror. The imp was there before me, and squatting cross-legged on the marble, said:

"Here, Widge, do as I do."

I obeyed. The imp went through the same manoeuvre as before, of bringing his hands together and shaking them—in which movement I followed—and then I could see him no more.

"Are you making a fool of me, Spook?" I asked, looking around the room for my facetious visitor.

"Not a bit," was the answer. "Look in the mirror, Widge."

I looked in the mirror, and started back in affright.

"He! he! he!" squeaked the imp.

There was no reflection of my form in the glass, though I stood directly before it.

"You are invisible," said the imp.

"That is so, Spook. What shall I do?"

"See here!"

The imp sat on the marble, cross-legged as before, calmly scratching the end of his nose.

"Why, Spook?" said I.

"Scratch your nose, you noddy!" said the imp. "Don't call me noddy, dear Spook," said I, as I complied; "I'm sensitive."

"Anything to oblige you," said he.

I looked in the mirror, and was delighted to find my image duly reflected there.

"You are a good Spook," said I; "I never saw your better. You have made me happy. I thank you."

"I hate thanks, Widge," said the imp soberly; but I could see he was gratified. "I bid you good-bye, my dear boy. Fly you to your lady-love."

And he was gone.

A thought struck me. "Spook," I cried, "come back, Spook, come back, and tell me how I can inform my Lucille of my new power; if I come suddenly and mysteriously upon her, I may frighten the dear girl to death."

"I will be there!" was the answer that came ringing down the chimney.

I flew to Lucille's residence.

Reaching the house, I beheld Lucille at her window, leaning her head against the pane, and gazing out into the darkness. I knew she was sad. My heart bled for her. I knew for whom she longed. I sighed.

Going through with my instructions for becoming invisible, I passed before a street lamp, and perceived that I cast no shadow. It was sufficient. But now, how could I reach my Lucille's parlor without being overheard by angry papa?

"Oh, Spook!" I breathed.

"Eh?" squeaked he at my side.

"What! are you there?"

I was delighted.

"Of course I am," said the imp. "Didn't I say I'd be on hand?"

"So you did, my good fellow. But now, how am I to get in?"

"Walk in! The door will open if you lift the latch."

"But the noise?"

"Drat the noise! Nobody will hear if you are careful. But come with me. You are a little nervous, poor love-sick coot!"

"Don't, Spook!" I murmured.

"Well, well, come on, Widge. Remember you are invisible, and don't be so jolly nervous. Be as noiseless as you can, and don't signify your presence to the girl till I tell you. Trust me—it will be all right."

"Blessed Spook!" I whispered, and obeyed.

We entered the hall of the house unnoticed, and gently passed up the stairs. We stood at the door of the parlor in which I knew was Lucille.

"Lay low!" hissed the imp in my ear. "I'll have this door open shortly."

A minute after, the door swung quietly ajar, and I slipped in. Confusion! There sat angry papa, quietly reading a newspaper, and Lucille gone!

Angry papa suddenly arose as he felt the cold air from the open door, and muttering a malediction on the careless housemaid, shut the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket! Then he quietly resumed his paper.

I looked about for means of egress. In vain! There was another door leading from the room, which was a small one. I thought of the window; but that way out was dangerous.

Just then I felt Sir Spook alight on my shoulder, and I bent my head to hear his suggestion.

"It's all right!" he hissed.

I made no reply; but I felt by no means certain it was all right. By the instant removal of the imp's tiny weight from my shoulder, I knew that he was off, and busy somewhere about the room.

"But perhaps you're getting tired of my story, sir?" said the maniac, interrupting himself.

"Oh, by no means; I am full of curiosity to know what your impish friend did next. Pray go on."

Remember, it is every word true, sir—every syllable. The imp, I shortly saw, was busy with angry papa; for he suddenly started up from behind his paper, with a "Why! What's that?" and rubbed the top of his head vigorously, so that I concluded Spook had alighted on his pole for an instant. After a few timid glances about the room, he again subsided behind the paper.

For a minute or two all was silence.

Crash! over went the papa's chair, and away he flew across the room, stumbling over my foot as I sat in the corner. Papa was evidently frightened, and from the agonized manner in which he rubbed his thigh I easily understood the naughty trick my good imp had played him. Really, I didn't want to hurt Lucille's father; and if Spook could have got on just as well without running pins into him I should have been glad. I wanted to call the imp to me, and tell him so, but, of course, I didn't know which way to look.

Angry papa was still rubbing his leg, and casting wild glances about the room; but he finally assumed the perpendicular, and moved slowly over towards the grate, where blazed a merry fire. He was evidently very much puzzled in his mind about matters. Throwing his paper on the table, he parted his coat-tails and turned his back to the fire—a posture peculiarly favorable to meditation, I think, sir. So when I observed papa's eye fastened on the spot in the wall which presented no attraction to my own eyes, I understood that the spot was acting as a reflector to turn papa's eye ruminatively inward. He stood thus gazing for some minutes, while I watched him curiously. All at once he gave a spasmodic duck forward, as if his head had been pushed from behind, and then turned and stared at the blank wall over the grate as if he would like to ask it a question or two; and when he turned towards me again, a living note of interrogation was dancing a jig in either pupil of his eyes. Very suddenly—so suddenly that it took me quite by surprise—he made a rush for the door, stumbled over me, and sprawled on the floor. I felt the imp on my shoulder; his ratty form was shaking with mirth; he whispered "charming" in my ear—and was off again.

Poor papa regained his feet a picture of terror. He staggered towards his chair. It moved backward, and he took a heavy seat on the floor. At that moment Spook extinguished the lamp. Papa was overcome.

"Help! help!—murder! thieves! help!" he shouted. "Lucille! Help!"

There was a rattling at the door. It was locked, and angry papa held the key in his pocket.

"Open the door, papa!" said a voice outside.

How my heart leaped at the sound of that voice!

"Oh, I can't!" groaned papa. "Call Joseph! Break the lock! For God's sake get me out! The room is full of devils!" And then papa began to groan again, while from occasional "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" and "Get out's!" I knew that Spook was busy with the poor man's hair and joints.

Presently the door flew open, and in rushed Joseph with a light, followed by Lucille and an old woman-servant, the only other person in the house.

Spook was on my shoulder, shaking with suppressed laughter.

Joseph lifted the prostrate man from the floor, and placed him in his chair, while Lucille—the dear girl!—threw her arms about his neck, and all three joined in inquiring, in different words, what was the matter. But they could get nothing but groans from papa; and Lucille, with a fierce glance at the decanter of brandy, which stood on the sideboard, directed Joseph to convey her father to his bed. It was done, and Lucille remained in the room, seating herself in his chair.

Lovely Lucille, how beautiful she looked, as she sat with her cheek upon her palm, busily thinking. I longed to be allowed to scratch my nose and rush into her arms; but as the thought passed through my mind, the imp was on my shoulder.

"Don't you think of it!" he whispered in my ear.

Ah, what a trial it was! But while I waited, Spook was at work. Presently I beheld him seated on the table before Lucille, partially concealed by the shadow of an inkstand, scratching his nose solemnly, and looking into my darling's eyes. Suddenly he had undergone a metamorphosis, and a canary bird hopped from behind the inkstand. It was Spook, by the merry twinkle of the tiny eyes.

"Dear little birdie!" exclaimed Lucille, in surprise, "where did you come from?"

She extended her palm, and the bird leaped upon it, cocking its head on one side, and shooting from its eyes such a glance as only Spook could command. Then, as Lucille brought her hand slowly against her bosom, the bird laid its bill so lovingly against her neck I was ready to be jealous.

"Sweet Lucille!" piped the canary.

"Why!" ejaculated the maiden, extending her hand as she could see the bird again. "Did you speak, birdie?"

"Yes, sweet Lucille, I spoke."

"Well now, if that's not funny!" she said. "Why, what good company you can be to me, can't you?"

I began to be fearfully jealous.

"In my dear Widge's absence," she added.

I longed to fly to the dear girl's arms.

"Where did you come from, birdie?"

"From one who sent me to tell you of his coming," chirped the canary.

"Why, who can it be?"

"One who loves you."

"One who loves me? What a funny answer,—but I might expect it from such a funny bird. Tell me his name, birdie."

"Guess!" said the bird.

"Well, then, is it Smith?"

Sir, she said, Smith! Do you know, sir, that Smith is my deadliest enemy? If there is any one I hate in the world it is Smith. He has dodged me everywhere all my life. He is here, he is there, he is everywhere. He sits at table with me, he preaches to me in church, he feels my pulse, he duns me, he borrows money from me, he beats me at billiards, he brings me the newspaper, he sits in my sunshine, he dances, he sings, he howls, he yells, he torments my life out of me. It is Smith out-doors and Smith in-doors—Smith on land and

Smith on water—Smith in town and in country—everywhere Smith, Smith, Smith, Smith! The devil take him.

My entertainer arose and paced the hall with a lowering brow.

"Well," said I, wishing to lead him back to his story, "so Lucille spoke of Smith; did she, Mr. Thompson?"

"Thompson, sir? Thompson? Do you come here to insult me with your damnable Thompsons, when I have told you my name was Widge?"

"Oh, excuse me, Mr. Widge! I was forgetful. Pray go on. How did the bird fix matters?"

"Hang it, sir, you have grown devilish inquisitive all at once. Hark you—I wish to ask you a question. Is your name Smith?"

"Certainly not; my name is—"

"Liar!" shouted the madman, getting red in the face. "You are Smith! I know you! I spit upon you. Smith, avanti!"

Two keepers came hurrying to the scene. Mr. Thompson was furious, and they had hard work to get the poor man to his room.

I afterwards understood that he was unmanageable for several days. I had committed great folly in allowing him to run on at such length with his pet delusion, and since then I have always been more cautious in my interviews with the demented. At least, I never heard more concerning the story of the Invisible Man.

PEACE.

BY EBEN E. REEFORD.

Oh, fairest land beneath the sun,
A golden glory fills the air,
And drives the battle-vapor's dun
Away from hills and valleys fair.

The cannon's throbbing notes are still,
We hear no more the rifle's crack,
And blackly dotting all the hill,
We see no army's bloody track.

The drums are hushed, the air is still
Of all the direful sounds of war,
And Peace is bending on the hill,
And sends her greeting smile afar.

The battle-flags are furled away,
No more to flutter in the fight,
What need have we of them to-day?
The Wrong lies prone before the Right!

No more along the throbbing wires,
Come bitter tidings of the fray;
But on the hills the victory fires
Light up the dawn of Freedom's day.

Oh, nation, long the starless night;
But now along the clearing sky
The morning breaks with peaceful light,
And sees the battle-shadows die.

In this glad hour join heart and hand,
No blot should mar this golden day,
Or cast a shadow o'er the land
From which the night has passed away.

Send upward through the list'ning air
One universal psalm of praise;
To Heaven, and Him who reigneth there,
Our grateful hearts to-day we raise.

And while we chant the victory hymn
A thought steals in upon our souls,
And spite of all our eyes grow dim,
And voices lose their stern control.

We think of those who died, that they
Might make the nation great and free;
They won the peace we know to-day,
This grand and blessed liberty.

Fame writes to-day upon her rolls
The deeds that make our land sublime,
And chants a requiem for the souls
Of those whose names belong to time.

Give us thy benediction, Peace;
Drop blessings on our chastened land,
From North to South, and West to East,
Walk thou with Freedom hand in hand.

THE GRAVEN RING.

BY ENFIELD.

My name is—no, I shall not tell my name—no, nor even my occupation, nor would I even narrate this story could I get clear from the command that tells me I must—must is such a disagreeable word—my name, then, is, for the present occasion, Rowland Dennis—not my real name, but the name the reader shall know me by, for he shall never meet me after this is written, for the destiny—well, I will tell it all, and try not to be interrupted. Last summer I went to the seaside to gain a little vigor into a frame that is beginning to show signs of wear from the constant demands I have made upon it in pursuit of money, which I have not yet gained. I went to a secluded place where board was cheap, where the inhabitants would not be more intrusive than is usual, and where I hoped I could pass the season without attracting attention, let me be as eccentric as I pleased. In the city, devoted to business, a man must conform to the rules. By the seaside a man can do as he pleases. At least so I hoped, and for two days enjoyed myself. How? Do you ask how? I built sand-pies, and threw stones all day. I was happy, and could have lived in this manner for ever.

The third day it rained, and my evil destiny appeared. Yet it was nothing. The book said that a certain nymph in olden times had a cave by the sea. I was indiscreet enough to ask if there was a cave near by, and was told a very beautiful one could be shown me. So I waited impatiently for

the rain to cease, and know not what fate had in store for me.

The next morning I went, having been directed particularly, and wandered about in a vain search all the morning. I had at last seated myself upon the edge of the cliff, amusing myself by throwing pebbles into the sea, and watching the grasshoppers, which were in great numbers there, when I saw distinctly, in the water at the foot of the cliff, a ring, that in the shallow waving of the surface of the sea gave it the appearance of a golden serpent. 'Twas very small. I at first imagined it a ring, and then believed it only a yellow grass-blade or a stone, and so sat looking down idly upon it, not deigning to descend.

More and more I became convinced it was a ring, graven beautifully, a golden circlet of beauty. "Pooh," I said, "some tinsel thing," and then I felt I told not the truth; that it was gold, and I longed for it. Beauty has always an influence on me, and I must possess it. I was about to descend the cliff, steep as it was.

Suddenly I was aroused; a figure was behind me. Her figure—no, not her's, but another. I felt my heart beating as I looked up. She could not but have observed my pale face and staring eyes.

"Excuse me, sir; I have lost my ring. A ring more valuable to me than life, and I think I remember having lost it when I was on this cliff."

I wanted that ring. To say that I could have died rather than have returned it, rather than have allowed another to possess it, does not express the intensity of my feelings. And yet I rose gracefully and answered—

"How curious. Not two minutes ago I was thinking there was something which glistened like a ring in the water below there. Let me steady you while you look over, and then I will descend and get it for you."

She placed her hand in mine. She let me support her as she leaned over and looked down, half in fear lest she should fall, half in joy that the treasure could be seen gleaming in the water below. There was no swell on to-day in the little sheltered nook, and she could see quite plainly. She was lovely, but I so longed for that ring I could have cast her down into the sea—had I dared.

"Oh, I thank you so much," she said. "Henry will get it for me, I am sure, and then you will not be at the inconvenience of such an exploit; but I am so much obliged to you."

"I will get it for you in a moment. Your friends may not come till the tide becomes too deep."

Thus speaking, I hurriedly pulled off my shoes and stockings and descended the cliff, stepped carefully into the water, and reached out to take the ring. I touched a human hand—a hand I knew long ago, which comes to me at times. I was not unfaithful; 'twas her own willfulness that parted us. 'Twas she that wished for marriage only to cover her shame, and ruin me whom she had been unfaithful to. I started back, and was about to ascend the cliff, when I thought of the ring.

I looked back. It was gone. No, it was on my finger. I must have put it on to keep it safe. How ridiculous in me to be so frightened.

Why did she start and turn pale when I appeared upon the cliff? Why did she sink down with a low moan when she saw the ring on my finger? I did not know then. I know now.

"Lost, lost, lost," she said. "Your ring is safe, my dear maiden," said I, holding it out to her, and thinking, as well as I could in the confusion my own brain was in, that she was overcome with joy at its recovery.

She turned away. "I can never wear it again," said she. "'Twas not your fault. Keep it for me. No, do not, for it will bring you trouble. Yes, be bold and keep it for me, and let whatever may come, do not part with it."

I felt confused, and knew not what to answer. What sort of a greeting was this to give a man who had regained for her her ring? Was she angry that I had put it on my finger?

"I did not do it intentionally," I stammered. "I fancied something had—placed it there without my knowledge."

"'Twas ever thus," she moaned, slowly rising. "When I have lost it, it was not from carelessness on my part; 'twas taken by her."

Dead and at the bottom of the sea she must be. That is the reason I love the ocean. It is her shroud. But did she know it? What? I regained my self-command.

"You have not told me your name, my lady friend, nor where your acquaintances are, to whom I shall be most happy to conduct you."

"They are in the cave. I had forgotten them." "The cave?" cried I; "why, here I have been rambling about all the morning and have not been able to discover it."

I accompanied her along the rocks, and down a path; after turning once or twice, the cave became visible. Two or three ladies and gentlemen were also visible.

"Here she comes at last. Why, Lin, we actually imagined you had changed into a mermaid, and all the gentlemen have been so anxious to set out in search of you, but we wouldn't let them leave us here alone. What have you been gathering? Come, let us see your treasures. Shells, I'll be bound, and all manner of trash."

So they rattled on, and I was introduced as a gentleman who was looking for the cave, and as my name and appearance seemed to suit the party, I was invited to join them, and as there was one more lady than gentlemen, I was most happy to do so. Was I? That ring on my finger might be noticed. I tried to take it off. It would not move. I should be remarked if I tried longer, and so desisted.

I became acquainted with Miss Linnie Hope. We became friends. There was a congeniality between us. There was a frightful barrier between.

"What is the history of this ring?" I asked.

"It has none, but its fate is, that whosoever is unfaithful, goes mad, or loses it, or something like that."

"Am I going mad?" I gave up my retired ways. I was ever with Miss Hope. The gentlemen remarked it, but only smiled. At last I told her my history, and we parted.

What was this history? Only this. Certain natures are doomed to misfortune from their birth. They are born dumb, or are without the power of creating sympathy in others. They see that every nature has only its own selfish hopes and ambitions, that they never care for another, that love is only passion and loneliness combined. The ring she had lost had been given her by a lover; but she had never allowed him even to kiss her. It was the understanding that neither should give this greeting till he again returned, and the ring would be the test. If found and worn by another, the charm was broken. That person would create love and never be blessed in it. She told me this, and I loved her. She loved me still after my history had been told, and yet I cared not for her. What was my history, do you ask? I have told it.

Once I was betrothed, not as others are, by lips and loving words, but by a secret spiritual essence. Who she was I knew not. The influence came into me and I felt its power. I had seen her. I met her. Our eyes exchanged glances, and we became joined in heart. When alone I felt her spirit near me, and was confident I influenced her in the same manner.

It was by the sea we first met in bodily presence. She, with her father—I, with my wife. Yes, my wife. You know the history now. The woman I married because she asked me to, and I believed 'twas love, and found 'twas shame, and kept her secret. She is dead. Both are dead, and 'tis the other one who haunts me, and accuses me of being unfaithful, for she never understood me, and as a suicide, heaven never has granted her knowledge. She lies beneath the sea, and I come there to watch her shroud, and then destiny again wove her net to make me suffer. For, as I told the story, I saw the wretched gleam in the eyes of Linnie Hope as I had seen them in those of my wife, as I had seen them in the eyes of the other. She had appetite and I cared nothing for love, and she had given her heart to me, and I could not tell her that my heart was like lead, not to be warmed into life but by the cunning of the ideal I had in my mind. So we parted.

I went back to the city wearing the ring, and the first day a stranger accosted me and asks to look at it, but I would not suffer it to be taken from my finger.

"Where got you that?" "I found it in the sea."

"And I have lost my troth." When next I saw him it was with a lady, apparently rich, and of good family. They looked at me. I felt a strange thrill in my finger. I looked down. The ring had lengthened out into a golden serpent, which hung down writhing, as if endeavoring to escape. I felt the ring slipping from me, and closed my hand. As I glanced up I saw the lady white and panic-stricken.

Was I, or she, or all of us, possessed by a destiny that played these pranks upon us?

The ring was safe, I saw that, but should I be subject to such attacks?

The next day I met the gentleman again. He came to buy the ring. I would not sell it. He offered me a fabulous sum, and I—I needed money. He said he had a dear friend who had lost such a ring, and he was anxious to buy it back. I refused to sell.

I received a slip of paper saying action was entered against me to recover a ring which I had found, but which belonged to a certain person. I was commanded to appear, and, above all, the ring was required to be placed in the hands of the justice for safe keeping. I refused to part with it, and was locked up.

The next day my counsel appeared, saying he had been retained for me and that all expenses had been paid, and that I should be remembered for the harsh treatment I had received. He wished to know what defense I wished him to make. I told him he could make none, for I could say nothing.

The friend, true or false, appeared, swore to the ring, implied that I must have stolen it, but would not state where lost. Neither would the gentleman. The court declared the evidence defective, for unless they could prove that it had been lost under circumstances which would incline the fact to my being in some way connected with its disappearance, nothing could be done and the case must end.

"Let me look at it a moment," said the judge. I held it up towards him. Lo! out rolled a long golden snake, writhed once, like thin smoke, and disappeared. I closed my hand on the ring. It was safe.

"Bless me!" said the judge, and then seeing my arm still extended, with nothing dangerous apparent, he begged me to open my hand again. I did so. He examined the ring curiously, not without a certain fear as if he thought something might show itself at any moment. When I turned back the gentleman had disappeared.

I met her again. The lady that I had seen with the gentleman. She would have spoken. I saw the look in the eyes I knew too well: the foreboding of love, the fear of intrusion, the dread of an unknown power. I could not trust myself to speak, for I still loved Linnie, and a destiny held us.

I was set upon it the dark and my hand grasped. The ring I felt was being tried, but was immovable; a feeling like the falling of a house on me, and I was left insensible. From that shock I have never fully recovered, but I awoke to consciousness at last, and Miss Hope bent over me.

"Faithful, faithful, and yet you loved me not; 'twas only from duty," and then she kissed me.

"Why do I write this story? Because I must;

and the destiny tells me it must be completed ere I sleep.

I retained the ring, for I loved it, gloried in its brightness, its beauty, its rarity, and yet I longed to part with it.

One day Linnie said: "Give me the ring, and I will return it to him."

I gave it back to her, saying, as I did so: "Thus I loose your love, for you will never love me as cold, as morbid, as unimpassioned as myself."

But she cried: "You gain more, for I return your true esteem in place of ward regard."

Then she sent the ring back to him, and he wore it with an air of triumph before me, and with an air of moody sultriness by me, and with a melancholy madness as he turned away from me, and I never saw him again.

Dead! He must be dead, and the ocean swallows all; for again I saw the ring by the sea, and again a fair form was beside me, looking down through the shimmer of the waves for her lost treasure, and again I descended for it. But no touch enthralled me, no vision of a woman buried in the sea alarmed me. I found only a gilded stone, which I brought and showed to Linnie, and we cast it back into the sea. Yet the ring has been found; a calm, peaceful ring, with no serpent power, and yet evidently the identical ring. She knows not when 'twas found, if not by the sea; I know not if it be not the same; and the fate says write this, and it shall ever be a guidance to your love.

So I write within sound of the moaning of the sea, no longer a diabolical sound, no longer oppressing my heart with sadness, for a lady, fair Linnie, is beside me, and the completed life all men desire stretches away into the future before me.

EVERY DAY BARBARITIES.

Conveying Calves and Sheep to the New York Slaughter Houses.

THE sketch we publish on our first page, is so frequently seen by all who are in the habit of traveling near our ferries and market-places, that its publication may be considered by some as almost superfluous, since, if the living horror of the spectacle does not move the public heart to call upon the Legislature to put an end to such atrocities, no picture can do it. But the experience of the world proves that all modifications of cruel practices, and the humanizing of every day life, are the results of that slow process which must first receive its impetus from the silent pressure of public opinion; and we know of no better nor surer method, than by presenting to the public eye an exact representation of what our Artist saw not over a week ago near the Hoboken ferry, and what every man familiar with those parts of the city knows is so common a custom as not to excite even a passing remark.

The evil results of these barbarities are not confined to the brute creation—they are re-enacted upon the human—the standard of common every day life is lowered and brutalized, until at last we cease to regard human suffering with that sympathy, which is the connecting link between us and the being we are taught to regard as our Saviour. The fact is, a scene like the one we have depicted, is a practical denial of Christianity, since it ignores altogether the dictum "that not a sparrow can fall to the ground unknown to our Heavenly Father."

In addition to the hardening effect which such scenes must have upon the rising generation, which thus takes its first lesson in murder, its influence upon the public health must not be forgotten. It is impossible that animals thus maltreated and goaded by suffering, can be wholesome food, and thus our very selfishness should teach us to put an end to such revolting spectacles as the one we publish to-day. In their degree, the men who inflict and tolerate such cruelties to the poor dumb creatures about to be slaughtered to restore our wasted strength, belong to the same category as the monster Wirth, whom we are now trying for slowly torturing to death our gallant patriotic soldiers in the Golgotha of Andersonville.

FLYING FROM BONDAGE.

Freedmen and their Families arriving at Baltimore.

AMONG the gratulations which every lover of freedom and later of slavery pours forth when he hears of the colored race becoming freedmen, we are apt to forget the terrible and deplorable state of things. Born slaves, they have lived slaves, and have never either acted nor thought for themselves. With the exception of their full-grown passions and physical strength, they are so many children, and, with some rare exceptions, no more fit to take immediate steps for themselves and families than children are. We wish our readers to understand this, as it will materially assist in forming a correct judgment as to what is best to be done. The negro nature is very susceptible of kindness, and easily acted upon. If a wicked and life-long system of terror has destroyed their veracity, and implanted in them a cowardly habit of duplicity, the fault should be placed where it belongs—to their owners, who holdly proclaimed, through their most aged and learned judges, that a black man had no rights which a white man was bound to respect.

When our Artist was lately in Baltimore, he was much struck by the scene that presented itself every morning during the time he was there. Negroes of every age and condition came, in every kind of vehicle, bringing with them every description of household goods. The south-eastern section of the city was particularly overrun with these unfortunate creatures, who had been so suddenly called from slavery to liberty that they had not as yet realized their position. This, however, every day will see better defined, and experience will find them seats at the great table of nature.

THE BRITISH WAR STEAMER GALATEA.

Practicing Target Firing at an Iceberg.

OUR Artist has given a very striking sketch of an incident he witnessed on board H. B. M. steamship the Galatea, while it was waiting on this side of the Atlantic for the arrival of the Great Eastern with the Atlantic Cable—and we take this opportunity of thanking the officers of that noble war steamer, the Galatea, for their courtesy to him. In order to be all ready for the monster steamer, the steam of the Galatea was

kept almost constantly up, and about the first week in August she proceeded to sea, and dropped anchor about 50 miles out, in 100 fathoms of water. Now and then she would trip her anchor, and run out to the eastward to see if she could discover anything of the great vessel, that carried the hopes of so many people connected with that costly experiment.

On the 10th of August, as they were steaming along at an easy rate, an iceberg came in sight, which was considered a good opportunity for target practice. When the Galatea got within about a mile she commenced firing with round shot, but without producing any perceptible effect. Shell was then tried, and with the most marked results; for when the shell struck, it seemed to burrow in the iceberg, and, as it exploded, masses of fractured ice flew up into the air, like brilliant jets sparkling in the sun, and then falling down in a shower of crystals. The officers told our Artist that the height of the iceberg was about 100 feet, which gives its extreme altitude from the root to the crown, as 900 feet. So large were the masses detached from the berg by the shell firing, that it lurched first over on one side and then upon another, till after oscillating it regained its equilibrium.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

NOTHING can possibly exceed in singularity the scene which presents itself to the traveler, on entering that vast expanse of the noble St. Lawrence, known, on account of its innumerable channels amongst the granite rocks, as the Thousand Islands.

Here Nature appears to have used her utmost fancy in preparing a grand procenium to feast the wanderer's eye, ere it reaches the vast open sea of fresh water, which he is about to launch out upon. Of immense width, the St. Lawrence winds, in arms of every dimension, through a rocky country, which is singularly contrasted with the comparatively flat and tame scene we had just left behind. Here, in fact, in ages gone by, the mighty stream, probably pent up in the vast inland basin of North America, urged its vexed waters against that portion of the primitive barrier which visibly extends from the granite mountains of the east, over to the dividing ridge between the wild regions of Hudson's Bay and the tributary waters of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence.

By some tremendous effort, which has evidently shaken the whole country, from Kingston, at the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, to the other side of the region, through which the granite ridge pursues its north-westerly course, the river has once rushed over a sheet of cascades and rapids many miles in breadth, which have now disappeared, and, amid the torn and denuded masses of electric granite, the mighty Iroquois silently but swiftly winds its undisturbed way to the rapids many leagues below.

Most of the Thousand Islands are covered with dense masses of forest trees; and some of these woody islands, low and flat, give the idea of the tranquil scenes of an Italian lagoon, as seen in the heated, but pure atmosphere and sky of a Canadian autumn; others are split and rent into a variety of fantastic forms, and present views of singular wildness.

Again, at another turn of the labyrinthine channel, we pass under a frowning wall of precipitous rock, covered with the moss and lichen of ages, and on whose bare tops, where never yet has man set his foot, the hoary pine or fir lifts its proud, dark head, supported only by the finger-like fibres of which its few but firmly clasping bare roots are formed.

Then, again, another fairy picture presents itself, in grooves growing, as it were, out of the water, and apparently stopping all further progress; whilst, in a single second, the verdant curtain is drawn, and the eye wanders over a vast tract of rippling water, broken here and there only by a few small rocks projecting above its surface, and bounded by the ancient and interminable forests of the main land.

But it would be vain to attempt descriptions of scenery having no parallel as a whole, and through which even a steamboat requires a day to traverse; and which, to be truly felt in all its varied grandeur, should be observed at leisure.

CARDS.

THE origin of playing cards is of so ancient a date that no one has been able to discover exactly how long it is; we know that they have been found in nearly every country, differing from each other in the figures and number in the pack, but all bearing a general relation to each other. In Hindostan cards have been used for hundreds of years; and there is a pack of cards in the British Museum, given by a Brahmin, in 1815, to a sea-captain, and said to be one thousand years old. In China cards were used as long ago as 1120 A.D. Chinese cards are oblong, whereas in Hindostan they are round.

Some historians say that cards were invented in France in the time of King Charles VI., in order to turn his mind from the melancholy mood into which it had fallen; but others say that cards were known in France long before. Card-making became quite a business in Germany; the suits then were hearts, bells, acorns and leaves; there was no queen, a knight filling her place. In the year 1420 gambling by cards was so extensive that St. Bernardin preached a sermon against it, and so eloquent was he, that all who heard him brought their cards and burnt them in a public square.

King Henry VII. of England was a great card-player; and his daughter Margaret inherited the penchant, for when James IV. of Scotland first saw her she was playing at cards. He afterwards married her. King James I. was fond of card-playing, but he was so stupid and lazy that some one had to hold the cards for him. The four suits that we are most familiar with—diamonds, hearts, spades and clubs—were derived from the French. Many years ago the French named the four kings David, Alexander, Caesar and Charlemagne. At the time of the French Revolution the kings were left off, and Moliere, La Fontaine, Voltaire and Rousseau filled their places; and the four queens were exchanged for figures of Frudence, Temperance, Fortitude and Justice. In America, about seventeen years ago, a pack of cards was issued in New York without kings and queens. Washington was the President of Hearts, John Adams of Diamonds, Franklin of Clubs, and Lafayette of Spades. For queens they had Venus, Fortune, Ceres and Minerva; the knaves were represented by Indian chiefs. Since the Southern war commenced, the Union cards have Liberty in the place of queen, a colonel for the king, a major for the knave, and the four suits are flags, shields, eagles and stars.

WARD, of 17 Cortlandt street, has invented

what has long been wanted by all lovers of good coffee—a self-stirring coffee-rotating machine. It is a self-operating machine, designed for family use, by which ladies can roast their own coffee. It is sold at so moderate a price that its cost is saved in less than a month, and the coffee all the purer. In a word, it is the only way to preserve the aroma of the berry.

It is known that the eminent French surgeon, M. Nollaton, received 400,000 francs (\$80,000), for his professional visit to the late Cesarewitch. It is not so well known, we believe, that this fee was asked, not, as has been stated, because the famous surgeon was too rich and too old to make the journey, and that he, therefore, set a prohibitory tariff, but because M. Nollaton avoided all utterly hopeless cases, as this was known to be, and thus does not endanger his just reputation for saving his patients—where there is a gleam of hope. The fee demanded by the French surgeon when Queen Amelia recommended to King Leopold, without successful result, amounted, it is now said, to 150,000 francs, or \$30,000. The English surgeon who operated successfully on the royal patient (Mr. Henry Thompson) left the honorarium to his Majesty's good will and pleasure, and received \$20,000 and an order of Belgian knighthood.

THE BRITISH GUNBOAT GALATEA FIRING INTO AN ICEBERG ON THE MORNING OF THE 10TH OF AUGUST, 1871, FIFTY MILES FROM THE ENTRANCE OF TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.



AN ALLEY OF PRISONERS AND THEIR FAMILIES AT BALTIMORE, MARYLAND—AN EVERY DAY SCENE.



ALONE

BY J. B. S.

The waves play low upon the pebbly shore,
With tones that seem to speak in wail and moan,
And to my fancy, keep repeating o'er,
The words—"Alone—thou'rt left alone—alone!"

Ah! how they fall upon my ear to-night!
They nearly craze my o'er-wrought, weary brain;
And flitting in the moonlight, phantoms white,
Dance on the wavelets, to their ceaseless strain.

Alone—alone—ah! yes, I am alone!
Alone with fancies of a sorrow'd soul—
Alone! and list'ning to the weird-like tone
Of the light waves, that wailing, shoreward roll.

Better the bellow of the mad, wild sea,
And the loud shock of thunder o'er the deep,
Than the low, listless, moan of waves to me,
Tormenting fancy from its fevered sleep.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE,"
"REUBEN'S WAG," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—ESAU SATISFIES EVERYBODY.

SLEUTH found Esau standing in front of a dense clump of laurestinus trees, three or four planted near together, and looking like one tree of immense circumference.

"I see him slink in there a white man and come out a dark un; and I'm blessed if I don't go in and find his skin if he's left it."

Esau disappeared between the leaves, and Sleuth waited, unable to think, to speak, or to make any fresh movement till he knew what it was he had to face. It might be the coat, and Esau might have seen him wearing it. It might be the burglar's smock, and then Sleuth would be at once vindicated, unless (and this was the most awful idea of the whole) the codicil should there turn up, perhaps from a pocket of the smock frock, and then not even Anthony himself would long be able to resist the suspicion of murder.

Presently Esau emerged with the smock frock, which he held in triumph on the edge of a bludgeon that he had also found there. The sight of these trophies satisfied the acute officers at last of a fact they had begun to doubt, namely, that burglars had been present at all. As to the others, they accepted at once as their own the lawyer's emphatic remark:

"Nothing in the world can be clearer, you see, Mrs. Milton."

That worthy lady did see, and was satisfied. She ventured, however, the remark:

"Why did he come back to unlock the door when I was calling, instead of getting away?"

"I'm afraid, my dear Mrs. Milton," said the lawyer, in answer, and with a peculiar tone, "he did it in order to murder you. No, don't faint, because he didn't do it, after all, as you very well know. Perhaps he thought you were too close on his track. Perhaps he saw from the window some one below who might intercept him, and therefore returned, as thinking it more easy to deal with a woman; and then—to do the wretch justice—very likely he thought he had done enough for one night, and so spared you."

"Mercy on me, I should think so!" exclaimed the housekeeper, quite in a tremble at this new view of the case.

No better evidence could be given to Richard Sleuth of his entire success in allaying all suspicion than the fact that he was selected, by common consent, to go round with the officers to show them the dead body, the wound, the dressing-room, the safe-room, &c., preparatory to their hunt for the two burglars. From him, also, these gentlemen took their cue as to the aspect and appearance of the thieves; for he had not only seen one of them close, but had previously had a glimpse of the two outside the house, when they were frightened away by Esau's whistle. They were particularly satisfied to find that the man seen so close, and who was, "in course," they said, "the murderer," had a livid mark—a scar almost like a wale—across his cheek.

"You see, sir," said one of the officers to Sleuth, "we can do with very little; but we must have summat to go on. A few inches of firm ground, big enough to set one's feet on, and a man may look about him, and soon discover what's what. We might take a fancy, now to this man, now to that one, and say these are the pair, and we might find they were pardners; but at the last moment out they comes with a halloo, and then where are you? Now, you see, sir, this beauty-spot you tell us on makes us certain sure; when we see it we're not far from one of the rogues, and it's only a bit of patience wanted then to catch the other."

A capital theory, no doubt; and Sleuth was much influenced by the man's belief that it made success sure; but it had the disadvantage of being a little unsound in its base—the presumed fact as to the burglar's blemished countenance. Richard Sleuth had now well finished up his "trial" by putting the officers on a false scent; for he had really seen too little of the burglar's face to be able even thus vaguely to describe it.

Half an hour later, when all were reassembled in the dining-room, and the officers had received all necessary instructions from the lawyer, Anthony, Sleuth and the doctor, Mr. Stamp said aloud:

"We think—I and my friends—here the lawyer drew himself a little apart from one of the 'friends' (the officers), now both smelt badly of rum, 'we think,' he repeated, respectfully addressing the doctor, 'that there isn't a doubt of any kind remaining, and that we may now leave the pursuit of the rogues to these efficient gentlemen, who, however, think the rascals have got too

good a start to be caught. So I propose, Dr. Pompey, that we now dismiss the whole painful subject from our thoughts, do honor, in silence and sympathy, to the memory of the deceased gentleman, whose premature fate it would be idle, I think, to dwell on, and then call on Mr. Anthony to open to us his cellars, that we may drink, in a glass of good wine, the health of the heir!"

"Hem! hem! I approve—I quite approve," said the doctor.

And then, all giving way to the release from restraint they felt, there was nothing but hand-shaking, and kind words, and bustling about of servants, as all alike felt they had done in effect with the past. Fortune's wheel had made another turn, and bright, happy days were in store for those on whom the goddess looked so fondly—these her newest favorites—the heir and his faithful, loving cousin, Richard Sleuth.

CHAPTER XVI.—SLEUTH'S DREAM.

SLEUTH slept in his own room that night for the first time since the alderman's illness had become serious, and as he locked the door he could almost fancy the last few weeks had been a dream. This was not the room which had always been kept in readiness for Anthony. The alderman, in his first burst of generosity, had put him there; but a pang of remorse coming over him, caused him to have Sleuth bundled out, when he was half undressed, into this room, where he now came to seek rest after so many trying days.

It was a long room, and had two round little windows, that swung up and down. The alderman had at first furnished it after his own ideas of what a young man's bedroom should be, and Sleuth had smiled rapturously, and tried to conceal his shiver, at the narrow iron bedstead, the carpetless floor, and bare, whitewashed walls; and the alderman had seen the shiver, and gone to bed chuckling, and declaring to himself how much he liked to see hypocrites fall into pits of their own digging. But the next day another kind of freak seized him; the iron bedstead was changed for a heavy antique four-poster, with elaborate yellow satin hangings, that were mended with calico to the best of the housekeeper's ability, and hung so thickly upon another, that what with them and the down beds, Sleuth thought he should certainly be smothered. An immense sofa and easy-chair, a set of red-curtained book-shelves and a writing-table, and an old-fashioned cheval glass—all of which the alderman had found in the many unused rooms—made Sleuth very comfortable indeed, so that he did not care at all for being turned out of Anthony's room.

It looked very comfortable to-night, and it struck him pleasantly as he entered, that Phillis had been here. She had lighted the lamp, and set on the table the materials for a comforting night draught.

Sleuth threw himself down in the great chair with a sigh of relief. He could almost have hugged himself and shed tears over his first dangers. As he felt all was now over, he had nothing to do but forget.

Every danger had been met, and safely gone through. The first meeting with Anthony, then the examination in the presence of the officers of police and of a magistrate—all were past, and he unsuspected and received as Anthony's cherished friend. Yes, he might forget now.

Most cordially did Richard Sleuth respond to the lawyer's idea—to "dismiss" the painful subject. He must do it; he would do it. He was clear that he could do it. He had no longer anything external to fear. Was he to be such an idiot as to worry and harass himself by his own secret thoughts? He had much more useful things to think about. Anthony was a better gentleman than he, that was plain—what use to deny it? He must study Anthony, and so prepare himself for the future. How else could he expect a fine lady like Clarissa to feel anything but her present scorn? He was as clever as Anthony—much handsomer than Anthony—and when he should be rich, and Anthony poor—then, aye, then!

There was nothing now to be anxious about. As to the codicil, he said to himself in the flush of gratitude for his escape from all the hideous dangers of these last few days, it was well it should be lost to him a little while; he would try and look on its temporary loss as a judgment on him for his crime, and then he need be afraid of no other judgment to come. Besides, he didn't want the codicil just yet. He would try and make himself comfortable with Anthony, and try and forget.

Forget was the last word on his lips as he sank down on his luxurious bed. Yes, he might forget, for he was quite safe, even if Phillis guessed anything—even if she had the coat. She was still kind, still devoted to him. He was safe.

A delicious peace stole over him, and presently he slept.

He slept, but his soul, from which he had driven all its actual and substantial fears, did not long enjoy its privacy. Strange guests began to fill it; strange hands seized on the helm of his thoughts, and guided it over troubled waters.

In thinking of that night afterwards, Sleuth remembered that his peace had deserted him the last minute before he fell asleep. He remembered that on opening his eyes for the last time, when his lids were almost too heavy to lift, he had looked on two things—a bad portrait of his uncle, which he had entreated the alderman to allow him to take from some rubbish, and the bell that rang from the alderman's room—a bell which had been put up before Sleuth took to sleeping in the dressing-room.

In sleep Sleuth seemed to have the bell still in his sight; not the bell only as it hung by his bedside—the bell that might rust and be choked up with cobwebs, ere ever the same impatient, violent hand should ring it again—not the bell only, but the bell-handle also, as it hung by another bedside.

He seemed to see both ends of the bell at once—the bell hanging silently by his bed, and the

bell-handle hanging silently by that other bed, where it seemed to him the shrouded form still lay. And in his dream a cold, strange fear crept over him; suppose the old man should want him once more—suppose the bell should ring? He dreamed that he rose up and got himself a light, and determined to go down to Anthony's room, but that he could not find the door; wherever he stepped the floor seemed to have great openings—deep, yawning gaps—down which he dared not look. Then he thought he let his candle fall, and as he went down on his knees to search for it the bell rang. The strength seemed to pass from his limbs as he listened, and his hands, as they groped for his candle, touched all sorts of strange things that came up from the gaps in the floor. Now they seemed to be feeling along the cold, empty shelves of the safe again, where other cold, clammy hands seized and shook them, and mocking laughter mingled with the ringing of the bell. Now and then he nearly got hold of his candle, but waves, that seemed half of black water and half of fire, rose up under it and bore it away.

Scenes that he had passed through seemed to be going on still down those gaps in the floor, that opened upon him so suddenly, that several times he nearly fell into them. In one he saw Anthony kneeling at his uncle's bed; in another Esau, waving the old smock-frock. Then he saw himself in his uncle's room with the officers, and seemed to be watching his own face with breathless, sickening interest. Even while the bell rang, and his hair streamed with perspiration, he watched the picture. Rocking on the waves, he saw the officers walk from the alderman's room satisfied, and wait at the door for him. Then he saw himself trying to follow them, and he writhed with anguish to see his foot had become glued to the floor by some blood that he had trodden in. He saw the men outside the door, waiting and wondering; he heard Anthony calling him; then the lawyer, and the pompous doctor, and Sleuth, looking down in the gap, shrieked to his shadow to try and move; but in vain it wrenched and writhed—the foot was glued immovably.

All the household came pouring in at the door; the shrouded figure on the bed sat up, and pointed him out to them; then the whole picture fell into the waves, and Sleuth dreamt he was still in the dark, groping about for his candle, with the bell ringing over his head. It rang more loudly than ever, the darkness grew blacker, and all the floor seemed breaking away, and letting the room fill with strange, hideous things. Sleuth dreamed that he went back to the bed and leaped upon it, and flung himself down to stop his ears with the pillows.

The pillows! Where were they? Gone; and there was a gap—not such a gap as Sleuth had made in the alderman's pillows—but deep, interminable; and down it, with headlong haste, Sleuth fell, and fell.

He caught at strange things that he passed in the darkness; at birds, but they tore his hands with their beaks; at trees, but their branches broke like tinder; at slimy walls, whose touch only seemed to increase his fearful speed. Sometimes faces he knew passed him going up as he went down. Phillis passed, wan and shadowy-looking, all her youth and fresh beauty gone, but rising slowly, with clasped hands and eyes gazing straight upward. She looked at Sleuth as she passed him, and let fall a tear on his face. It seemed to drop upon him like a stone, and drive him down faster—faster.

Then the alderman's daughter passed him, not as he had heard of her—a wretched, remorseful woman—but as the alderman had loved to talk of her—a little golden-haired child. But now she seemed to Sleuth to have bright wings, which, together with her hair, made a light that scorched his eyes. She was not looking up, like Phillis, but down, and flying slowly, and singing and beckoning with her arms to something beneath her. This something Sleuth soon passed. It was Silas Maude, with his white head thrown back, and his arms outstretched, struggling upwards towards his little daughter. Sleuth would fain have looked back to see if he reached her; but drops of blood from his uncle's wound dropped on him with such a fearful weight, that he was borne down faster—faster.

The lower he fell the more horrible became the things he met. At last he thought he saw at the bottom of all a black sea, on which one hideous white bird swam by itself. Long before he came to the bottom he saw this bird spread its wings and fly up towards him. As it came nearer it grew larger and flatter, till at last it looked more like a coat than a bird; but he only just had time to see this when it seized upon him, and wrapt itself round his head and face tighter and tighter, till his breath stopped. His hands tore at it madly, but in vain; it tightened round him like living sinews; it dragged him down and down, till he heard the black waves roar, and leap up to catch him, and then—

Sleuth woke. The sun was shining in at the two round windows. The sunshine streamed upon the bed where Sleuth sat whiter than the linen sheets that, in his dream, he had rent from top to bottom, trembling so that the old fringes of the bed shook, and the sweat poured from his face and hair. He flung himself from the bed, dragged himself to one of the windows, and tried to kneel and put up his hands in prayer; but the sunshine and fresh breeze were too much for him—he fainted away.

That night proved to be but the first of many similar nights; for, the external dangers removed, and the scheming, overwrought brain, no longer compelled to fight a life and death battle, sank supine, and became the prey of its own brood of horrible recollections. Sleuth dreaded even to go to bed at last, lest he might be overheard, crying out in his sleep dangerous words.

So let us leave him—with his dread secrets and fearful burden of punishment—to address ourselves to the onward movement of our story, in

which he is, and is content to be, for a time, but a subordinate actor.

CHAPTER XVII.—FROM THE PAST TO THE FUTURE.

BUSY days succeeded. There was the inquest, and the preparation for the funeral, and the seeing each evening the officers, to hear their report. We need not dwell long on either of these things. The inquest passed off without giving Sleuth a single fresh alarm. The jury had become thoroughly saturated with the general idea of the neighborhood—namely, that the alderman's house had been attacked by robbers, who probably knew that he was dying, and chose the time accordingly; but meeting with an unexpected check from the old man, had killed him. The inquest was soon over, and a verdict of "willful murder" returned against the unknown burglars. The funeral also passed off quietly, in the presence of Anthony, Sleuth, Dr. Pompey, the lawyer, and a few other persons; the whole having been managed with such secrecy as quite to prevent the anticipated assemblage of a large number of people. The alderman was buried in the pretty little hill-side cemetery of Carbiton, and there found his resting-place. No more will that busy brain watch the rising and falling of stock, and strike in with such unflinching accuracy of judgment at the exact time to buy or to sell. No more will he dream again the dream of his early days, when he saw himself not only rich, but in Parliament, and surrounded in his own house with the young and dear ones who were to carry on his fame and prosperity into future generations. No more will he hear, what Anthony in astonishment and indignation heard to-day, the muttered remark that had so often rankled in the alderman's brain since he first also accidentally overheard it—"Ah, that's the alderman's new house, is it? It's a bonny one, ain't it. Who'd have thought it was founded on dead men's bones—the bones of his own countrymen—killed in the wars with Napoleon, and by arms that this grand old English gentleman—as, leastwise, he wanted to be—sold secretly to the enemy!" If the alderman did make some of his money in this way, it is useless to throw the fact in his teeth now; he will never again hear either the voice of praise or of blame. Peace be to him!

Anthony and Sleuth sat together alone late that night, both fatigued with the long-protracted business of the day, and with the emotions both necessarily experienced. Anthony's thoughts were strangely mingled, and involved both pain and pleasure. The fact he had heard that day for the first time about his uncle's commercial transactions, and at first had disbelieved, he had been obliged to accept a few words with the lawyer, who, in his own cautious manner, admitted as much as could be expected from him, supposing the story to be quite true. Anthony thought he wouldn't like to spend the rest of his days in a house so unpleasantly founded; and that thought led naturally to another—the murder, and the ineffaceable stain such an event fixed on the house. And then Anthony began to speculate on how he could pull down the house, which he thought ugly and fantastic enough, and build a new one; and, so thinking, how could he possibly avoid wondering who would be likely to share it with him besides Richard Sleuth? and then for a long time he rested quite pleasantly on all sorts of general considerations about the person, voice, manner, and so on, of Clarissa Pompey.

Sleuth watched him from behind a convenient semi-veil of smoke, and seemed to understand—perhaps from a faint smile—at all events, from some change of face—how Anthony's troubled thoughts were finding harbor at last, and lost no time in creating a diversion.

"Anthony," said he, "I think the officers must be waiting to speak to us. I heard a ring some time ago, and I have been expecting them here; but perhaps they are stopping to refresh themselves in the kitchen."

Anthony sighed, as if with a sense of some agreeable vision passing away, and said:

"I wished they'd have done with the affair one way or the other, and either find the men, or make it clear they can't find them."

"Oh, here they are," said Sleuth, going to the door. Yes, it was the officers, who had returned to say they had completely failed. Sleuth guessed why, but the men themselves attributed their want of success to their want of knowledge of the nature of the plunder that had been taken away. On that matter Sleuth had been quite unable to help them. He knew only there had been money—probably a good deal—in the safe, and many papers, including, as he now almost hoped, the codicil; but whether there were also gems, or other articles of value by which the thieves might have been identified, Sleuth knew not, and could not tell them.

"Well, Anthony," said he, after a pause, "I'm sure we couldn't have employed cleverer officials than these gentlemen have proved themselves—no, nor men who were more determined to do their duty; I will say that for them; though they did fancy, somehow, at first, I had been playing tricks with that mysterious coat. Is it worth while to send them off again?"

"Do the doctor" (who had, as magistrate, issued the warrant) "and the coroner think enough has been done?" asked Anthony.

"They does, sir, both on 'em," was the reply.

"Very well; stop then," said Anthony. "Dick, will you see them both well paid?" and Anthony walked away, to indulge, if possible, in a revival of his vision; and Richard Sleuth was so liberal in satisfying the men, that they left him with a wish which they didn't scruple to avow—

"Wish you'd had the estate, sir!"

Sleuth smiled, and they parted with the best possible feelings on both sides.

"Dick," said Anthony, as he returned from his brief walk, "what's to be done about the alderman's letter? I shouldn't like to-night, the first

after the funeral, to pass without something being settled. What do you advise?"

"Well, I have been thinking about it," said Sleuth, who spoke quite truthfully, for he saw good reasons why he should think about it, quite apart from Anthony's reasons for doing the same thing. "Yes, I have been thinking about it; and as you will be very busy here for some time—seeing people, looking into things, and enjoying yourself—"

"Ah! never mind the enjoyment," interposed Anthony.

"Well, but, as I say, you'll have a deal to think about and attend to at home. So, if you like to let me go, I'll do my best."

"I own I should like that very much. But don't you think I ought to go myself?"

"Well, Anthony, that depends. If you haven't anybody you can thoroughly trust."

"There, Dick, it's settled now. Be off. Got your portmanteau ready packed, eh?"

"No," said Sleuth, echoing back Anthony's laugh. "It's your business, not mine. But then, if I do it for you when you want, why, it's you who are doing it in effect, isn't it?"

"I like logic, Dick, because one can always twist and turn it about, till it does and says just what we want. I don't see that it can matter which of us goes. But have you any knowledge to start with—the name of the vagabond husband—the name of the place where the miserable pair ever lived?"

"No; but I feel pretty sure, if we hunt over the alderman's papers, we shall find letters, or things of that kind."

"Very good. Catch, Dick!" And Anthony threw a great bunch of keys across the table to his cousin; but Sleuth missed them, and they went to the ground with a great rattle. "There's the keys, just as the lawyer handed them over to me. Go where you like, if you feel industrious-minded. I don't. Come back when you have done, and let's know the result; I'll wait you here. In fact, I have a bit of a secret I want to talk to you about, when I feel I have got this off my mind."

For a long time Sleuth was quite unsuccessful. But when he did at last return to the dining-room, after spending nearly two hours in his search, and including in it a close review of the contents of Anthony's box—the one that contained the whole of his worldly property apart from the alderman's bequest—he put before Anthony the following letter, written on dirty paper, and yellow with spots, whether of tears or mere decay the young men knew not, though both noticed the fact in silence:

"FATHER—I have sworn to God, on my bended knees, this night, never again to write to you, or to make to you a fresh appeal for mercy, forgiveness, or aid, if you desert me now. Oh, father, I am in such distress and misery, that if you saw me, and remembered how tenderly I was brought up, you could not but pity me—you could not! Oh, father, think—think before it is too late—of the little girl you loved so much, and spoiled so! Will you not again let me love you—let me confess to you, with full heart, how bitterly I have repented my conduct—how my brain almost turns into a mad-woman's, and I am obliged to hold my head with both hands that I may not shriek out in mad laughter as I see my child—filthy, hungry—and my wretch of a husband, and remind myself of my home, you, and your once unbounded love for me? Father, father! if I speak wildly, then forgive it—understand it. It is the last time—the last! If you refuse me now, I will conceal even your very name from my babe, if I can, and die. No, I will not say what I was going to say. Oh, father, I am your own daughter in very soul, even in my passionateness and recklessness. But if you will take me again to your arms—I and my babe—I do think, father, there is not in all this world a poor creature who will be so full of love and gratitude as your once fondly treasured

HELEN.

There was no other name, for the unhappy woman had prudently kept out of her appeal the name of the man whom she had married; but on the back of the letter there appeared the following endorsement:

Helen Stonor, 6 Margaret's Yard, Kirkgate, Leeds. Ansd.

The spirit of the answer might be guessed from the spirit that had filled in here the missing name of the husband. But in justice to the alderman, it must be observed that, when the poor heart-broken but resolved woman received the reply, which proved in effect her sentence of death, she did not guess how her husband, who knew of her letter, had, by his folly and conceit, destroyed for her all her chance by going to the alderman's house at the very same time—anticipating, perhaps, that he would be thrown overboard if a reconciliation happened—and there acting as if, in spite of what the letter said, she and her husband quite understood one another, and the game they were playing.

"Well, Dick, I wish to heaven you had managed to find the address without finding that letter. God help her! If I had known, and if the alderman had lived, I should have found it hard not to say something. However, there, then, is the only fact you must expect, I suppose, to help you. Get what money you like on my account from the lawyer, Mr. Stamp. He told me to resort to him, pending our making proper arrangements after the funeral."

"And now, Dick, if there's the heart of a man in us, we must, after this double appeal—the alderman's letter to me, and this unexpected appeal to us both—discover this child, if it lives."

"Oh, certainly—certainly. But I own, Anthony, I don't expect to find it alive."

"Why?" asked Anthony, sternly.

"Because—because children born under such circumstances seldom live long."

"Yes, that's true, Dick. But—excuse me and my habit of plain-speaking—we have no right to think of aught that might incline us to be too easily satisfied. In fact, Dick, I'd go myself now, in spite of all; but I shouldn't like to seem both preaching and practicing against you."

"Anthony," said Sleuth, with great earnestness, "if, with all you have to attend to and think about, you are sure you can do it better than me, go."

"Well, Dick, you have me there—I'm not sure."

"Then don't go. I am sure. I'm as poor as a rat—no property to think about, nothing in the world to care for, unless it be my cousin and friend; and when he asks me to do this, and do it well, I—"

"Not a word more, Dick! You'll do it splendidly, and most likely bring back the boy or girl strapped to your back, in token of your love for it."

After the laugh thus produced, Anthony changed color a little, and Sleuth saw the "secret" must be coming.

"Dick," said he, with as much indifference as he could assume, "the doctor and Miss Pompos have promised to call in here to-morrow morning, and have lunch with me; and then I've said I'd go for a ride with them if I could find a decent horse."

"And you're afraid you can't, so soon?" asked Sleuth.

"Not exactly," said Anthony, with a half smile. "Dick—hang it! how I do hate beating about the bush; and yet—yet—"

"Yet what?"

"Why, Dick, you've been such a correct chap, according to all accounts, that I'm really bothered a little in explaining certain things. However, here goes. Dick, I have been leading a bad life—the alderman was right enough there; and if he had cast me off, I should never have said he had wronged me. Confound it, Dick, when a man wrongs himself, it shuts him up awkwardly as regards his talking about wrongs done him by others. I have been extravagant—spent money in many ways I don't care to tell you, Dick, because I might spoil you, you see, in your present goodness. Well, I got into debt. I don't know how much; but I should think, altogether, perhaps two or three thousand pounds. Did you ever hear, Dick, what an uncommon lively thing debt is?—how it grows and grows, when you have once set it going, without your taking any more trouble, or—confound it!—without your taking any of the pleasure either?"

"You mean by interest?" asked Sleuth.

"Oh, interest and discounts, and I don't know how many other strong commercial words."

"Well, but Anthony, you can pay off all that now, can't you?"

"Exactly; but till they're paid, I'm not at all comfortable about the train that I see collecting behind."

"Train!" repeated Sleuth, dubiously.

"Oh, what an innocent you are! Don't you know that, by this time, certain folks in certain places have heard of my good fortune, and are burning with enthusiasm to share it with me? There, read these letters, and judge how comfortable I feel at the prospect of my visitors to-morrow, just, too, when the doctor and Miss Pompos will be calling."

Richard Sleuth read the many notes handed to him, which were inscribed in a wonderful variety of handwritings—from the most delicate female penmanship, to the rudest and vulgarest looking scrawl, where a few words covered the entire outside of the letter.

The reader of these notes did indeed get a vivid idea of Anthony's doings and friends at Oxford, Newmarket, and in London, from these epistles, which were all in the same vein—of demonstrative congratulation; of self-surety that the writers would be welcomed, when they came to pay their respects to him on the earliest day they could suppose agreeable to him—the day after the funeral—and, in many cases, of suggestive remarks about wares or other mysterious matters of the choicest kind the writers had to introduce to him.

"A pretty *levée* we shall have if they all come! But, by the lord, if they do, I'll play them a trick. Don't you start on your journey till after to-morrow. I must look to you, Dick, to help me out of this. I wouldn't for the world have the doctor catch me with such a court. And I say, Dick," added Anthony, with a smile of intense enjoyment breaking out all over his face, "I've got a thought, but I shan't tell it to you till I see whether I am man enough to work it out. But I say, Dick, do you happen to know whether uncle ever got (for your benefit, you rogue, not mine) a picture he often threatened to buy and hang up—that famous print of the *Bake's Progress*—the first of the series—where the heir—"

"It's very odd, Anthony, if you are speaking only in joke, but the alderman did, the very week I came here, bring home such a print, and talk of having it mounted, but altered his mind, gave it to me, and I put it away in my box."

"Ha! he must have meant that for me, I fear, and when I was done with, cared no more. You were too good, Dick, to need it. Well, get it out, hang it up in the most conspicuous place you can find in the dining-room, and when the distinguished visitors come to-morrow, let them be shown in there, and there have what they like to eat and drink; and who knows but looking on that picture, they'll take the hint and be off?"

Sleuth looked in Anthony's face, as if wondering whether Anthony really thought his "friends" were likely to be got rid of so easily, or whether he was merely jesting; but Anthony imprudently gave him an inscrutable look back, began to smoke, and from that time forward till bed-time, he scarcely spoke another word.

When Sleuth awoke next morning, Anthony was knocking at his door, and shouting:

"I say, old fellow, you're rather late; don't you forget my *levée*. The advance-guard's already in sight!"

"I say, boy, where does that right hand road go to?" inquired a pedestrian of a country rustic.

"I don't know, sir," replied the boy, "I ain't been 'where since we lived here."

REDMOND O'HANLON, THE IRISH BRIGAND.

REDMOND O'HANLON and his rapparees and a system of black mail succeeded the Cromwellian struggle in Ireland. The north was his favorite haunt; but he is said to have been connected with bands who took toll through all parts of the island, and met four times in the year to adjust the division of the spoil.

The O'Hanlons being of the old race and old religion, and Redmond, gentle by birth and generous by nature, the peasants and small farmers stood in no fear of him, but were ever on the watch for his safety. Farmers, traveling peddlers, and people in middling circumstances, on paying Redmond, or his trusty agent, half a crown per annum, were safe from plunder; and if, through mistake, they suffered at the hands of strangers, their losses were made good on information being conveyed to the chief.

One day meeting a poor man, who was going to sell his one cow to pay his rent, and pitying his case, he lent him five pounds, and bade him appoint any time and place he chose for repayment. Strange to say, the trust was punctually kept and the debt discharged.

Being in want of arms, he presented himself to the commander of the garrison in Armagh, dressed as a country gentleman, and requested him to allow a few of his men to go with him beyond a certain place, where he suspected the great outlaw to be concealed. "He had a good sum of money about him, and did not wish to lose it." The colonel complied; and Redmond and his guard went on very pleasantly for about seven miles. Every man had drank more or less on the way at the country gentleman's expense, and when he was about dismissing them with a parting glass from his own flask, they were only too ready, at his suggestion, to fire a *feu de joie* in honor of his safe delivery. Instantaneously a whistle brought a party of fellows to the spot with charged guns, and the poor red coats had to resign muskets, bayonets and every regimental article of use, and walk back to Armagh in very evil plight.

Redmond was once pursued by the military for nearly three days, during all which time he had scarcely got a morsel of food. At last, in desperation, he entered the house of a friend, and fell to a breakfast of bread and butter, and milk. He had scarcely eaten a mouthful when the house was surrounded, and the captain, leaning over the half-door, said, in a polite tone:

"Captain O'Hanlon, you are the king's prisoner; resistance is useless."

"So I perceive," was the answer; "but, as you have not allowed me to take a meal for three days, I am sure you will not disturb me now till my hunger is satisfied."

The request being reasonable, was granted. Redmond coming to the end of his cake in great tranquility, at once sprung up, seized his blunderbuss, with which he covered the officer, till he had cleared the half-door, and the surprise, and the fear of killing each other, prevented the soldiers at each side from firing at him till he had got to some distance. Being much refreshed with his good breakfast, and his pursuers tired out, he escaped with a slight wound or two.

The great southern robber, Power, hearing of Redmond's fame, came to the north to make his acquaintance. Stopping for the night at a country inn, he observed a comfortable-looking man, who, when he thought no one was observing him, passed a well-filled purse from one pocket to another. Next morning he managed to overtake the man with the purse by the side of a wood, and ordered him to stand and deliver.

"I will deliver," said the other, "when I cannot help it," and taking a loaded pistol from his holster, he fired at his assailant.

The weapon of the other was discharged at the same moment, but neither of the men was materially damaged. They then drew their swords, and hewed away for some time at each other, first on horseback, and then, by mutual consent, on foot. Both were skillful swordsmen, and after a twenty minutes' fight, found themselves still safe from any serious wound, but much fatigued.

"Let us rest a while," said Redmond. "I never met my match till now. Who in the world are you?"

"I am Power, of Cork, and you must be either the devil or Redmond O'Hanlon. I came here all the way to see that celebrated man."

"Confound your stupidity, and my own, also! Here we might have killed each other, and what would have become of our followers?"

Of course mutual embraces and kisses also followed, for at that day the fashion had not ceased in Ireland. Power assisted Redmond for half a year, but finally got tired of oaten-banquets, and returned to give his native province the benefit of his personal superintendence.

O'Hanlon's life did not entirely prejudice him against law and order. Meeting a poor peddler one day bitterly lamenting, and hearing from him that he had just been robbed of five pounds in money, and likewise of his box, and moreover that he had been kicked and maltreated by that notorious robber, Redmond O'Hanlon, he roared at the fellow, and applied a title to him which reflected on his mother's good name.

"You son of an unvirtuous woman," said he, "how could I rob you that never laid eyes on you before?"

"Sir," answered the poor man, "the rogue that robbed me said he was Redmond O'Hanlon."

"Let's follow him," said the other, "and never fear that I won't make him sing to another tune!"

Coming up to the thief, they eased him of his late acquisitions, which Redmond, restoring to the right owner, bound him over to prosecute the robber at the next assizes. He then wrote the following mittimus, and intrusted it and the thief to three trusty followers, to be delivered over to the charge of the Armagh gaoler.

"By Redmond O'Hanlon, in loco of his Majesty's Justice of the Peace for County Armagh, and chief ranger of the mountains."

"I herewith send you the body of —, who was this day brought before me, and examined for robbing Mr. — on the king's high-road, requiring of you to hold him in safe custody till next general assizes to be held for the said county, and for your so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant. Given under my hand this first day of March, 1695."

REDMOND O'HANLON.

"To —, Gaoler of Armagh."

However informal the commitment, the rogue was secured, and sworn home against by the peddler. Audience, officers, counselors, judge, and all, joined in one roar of laughter at points of the trial when O'Hanlon's magisterial interference came before the court.

As the chivalrous Robin Hood suffered more than one defeat from tanners, tinkers, and sturdy beggars, so Redmond met a vanquisher in a shopkeeper's apprentice. This youth's master having to receive a good round sum of money in Newry, was afraid to risk an encounter with Redmond or some of his gang on his return to Dundalk, his native town. In his perplexity his apprentice, sixteen years of age, offered his services, which, after some hesitation, were accepted. The youth, in the words of Mr. Congrave, author of the "Irish rogues and rapparees," "went to the field and brought home an old vicious screw (much of the same humor with Sir Toague O'Began's war-horse, on which he rode out to meet Duke Schomberg, after the surrender of Charlemont), that, when any other came up to meet him on the road, he always strove to bite or kick him, by which means he commonly kept the road to himself."

As he wended on his way he was overtaken by a well-dressed gentleman, with whom he freely entered into discourse, making no secret of his business, or of his expectation of being about the same place on his return to-morrow with one hundred pounds in his possession.

"I wonder," said his fellow-traveler, "you are so free in your communications with strangers; how can you tell but that I may be Redmond O'Hanlon or one of his gang?"

"Oh!" said the boy, bursting out laughing, "sure, nice-looking gentlemen as you to be a robber! Do you think I haven't eyes?"

"Well, at all events, I advise you to be more discreet. Redmond is famous at disguises, and will pin you if he gets wind of your business. Here's a crown for you to drink my health, but keep a bridle on your tongue."

The grateful youth, sobering at once, made the promise.

And even as the boy expected, the gentleman overtook him as he was returning next day, and conversation was resumed.

"Well, my boy, I suppose from your looks you have not met with any bad company, and your money is safe?"

"Indeed is it, sir; many thanks for your good advice."

"How are you carrying it?"

"In the two ends of this ticket wallet."

"Dear me! I would like to feel the weight of it out of curiosity," and he approached, but the horse lashed out, and he was obliged to keep his distance.

"Throw over that wallet," said he, rather sternly for such a nice spoken gentleman.

"Oh, sir, honey, sure you wouldn't rob me! What would the master say?"

"I don't know, but this is what I say: If you don't surrender it at once, I will send a bullet through you, and another through your garran."

"I promised my master not to let myself be robbed till I was in danger of my life. Here is the money; but you must take the trouble of crossing the ditch for it."

So saying he heaved the bag over the slough that bordered the road and the hedge beyond it, into the next field. This annoyed the highwayman, but judging the prize worth the trouble, he dismounted, scrambled over the dyke and fence higher up, and laid hands on the bag. Hearing a clatter, he raised his head, looked over the fence, and saw the innocent youth making the road to Dundalk short on his own (Redmond's) good steed, and the vicious beast prancing about on the road, and longing for some one to let fly at.

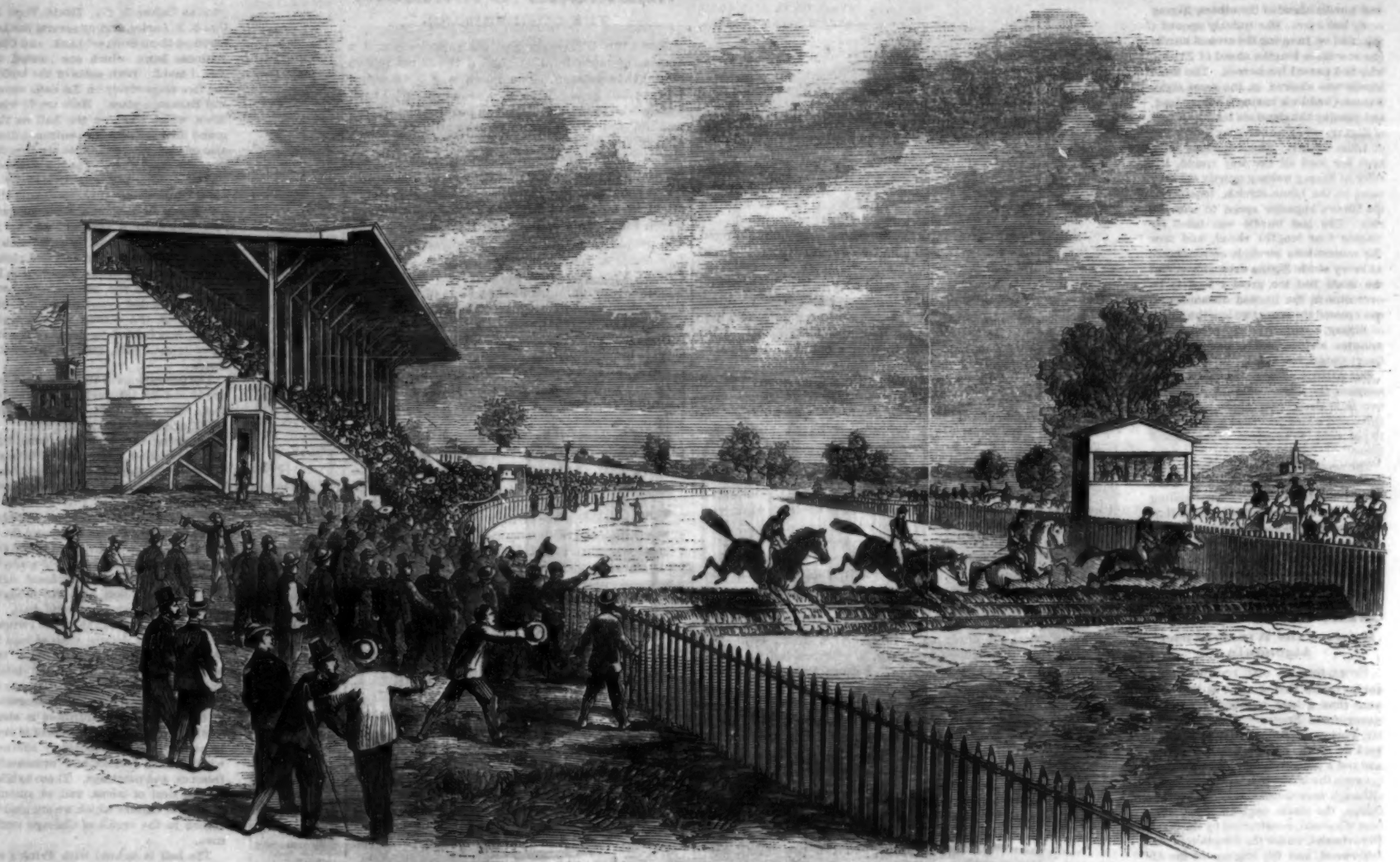
He was enraged for being so taken in, but much more when he found the two ends of the precious wallet containing nothing more valuable than the copper halfpence of the time, value for thirty or forty shillings.

So there we must leave our outlaw, incumbered with his copper, and not daring to lay hands on the ill-tempered, dangerous garran left at his discretion. The boy arrived safe in Dundalk with the hundred g. *guineas* quilled into his waistcoat.

After many escapes from armed foes and from prisons, O'Hanlon was treacherously killed by his own foster brother for the sake of the reward, an almost unprecedented crime in his country.

His followers were obliged, by a most solemn oath, never to shed blood unless in self-defence, never to rob a poor person, nor to offer violence to a woman.

DR. DULK recently swam across Lake Constance at its widest part. He had carried his plan of crossing about with him for five years, and only this year succeeded in it. In July, 1880, he had gone more than half the distance, and been for three hours and a half in the water, when a thunder-storm arose, and the lake became so disturbed that Dr. Dulk thought it wise to give up the attempt. In 1883 the very same thing happened again; after the bold swimmer had already spent three hours in the water, a violent wind agitated the waves of the lake in such a manner that he had to return. At length, in 1885, the feat was accomplished. A boat followed at the distance of 12 feet; the swimmer only stopped once, to swallow a little wine handed to him from the boat. Arrived on the other shore, and landing near the Castle at Friedrichshafen, Herr Dulk enjoyed a good draught of beer, and afterwards felt no other inconvenience than that of his face and back having to wait for a new skin, the old one having been completely scorched off by six hours and a half exposure, under an almost tropical sun.



THE FALL MEETING OF THE HUDSON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT THE HOBOKEN COURSE, MACAUCUS, HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.—THE HURDLE RACE ON WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13.

THE HOBOKEN FALL RACES.

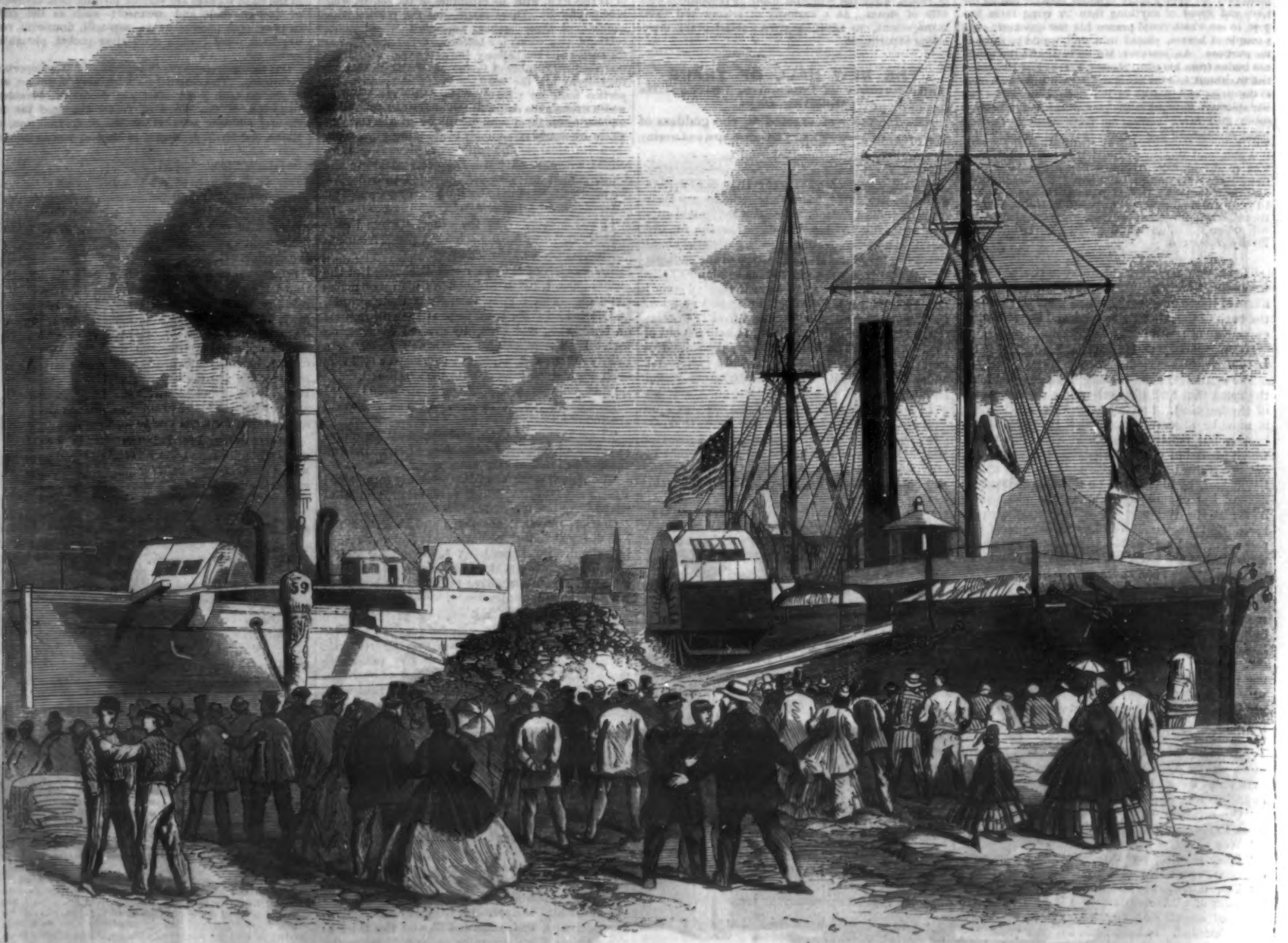
The avidity with which all classes now welcome athletic sports, horse-racing, Highland pastimes, and every other description of open air exercise, is a gratifying proof that the day of muscular development and physical training for the masses is rapidly dawning, and that those pursuits will not be any longer confined

to a class of fast men, known as sports, and whose conduct has thrown a scandal upon what otherwise are healthy and morally wholesome pastimes. The best way to purify any occupation, is to throw it open to the people, whose good common sense soon compels the exceptional men to find their level. From the list of manly sports, as they are called, we must, however, always except pugilism, the only remaining excuse for

which, namely, that it discountenanced the use of pistols and knives, has long ago been crushed by the undeniable fact, that in no class is the use of the revolver and the knife more common than among the pugilists themselves.

The Hoboken fall races, under the management of the Hudson County Association, commenced on Tuesday, September 12, and continued till the succeeding Friday,

On Wednesday the most peculiar feature in their programme, the hurdle race, came off, and was capitally contested, affording the spectator the highest gratification. The entries were Zigzag, five years, carrying 155lb; Nannie Craddock, carrying 150lb; Garry O'Oldie, 135lb; and Lillie Parker, aged 4 years, and carrying 130lb. On starting, Nannie Craddock was the favorite. Nannie Craddock was first off, and she cleared the



NOVEL METHOD OF TESTING THE ENGINES OF THE GOVERNMENT GUNBOATS ALGONQUIN AND WINOOSKI, AT THE DOCK, FOOT OF DELANCY STREET, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.

first hurdle ahead of the others, Zigzag being last over. She quickly opened a gap, and on jumping the second hurdle she was three lengths ahead of Zigzag, who had passed his horse. The third hurdle was cleared in the same style, Nannie Craddock having a strong lead, and passing the stand six lengths ahead of Zigzag, who was two lengths in front of Little Parker. The Canadian mare kept her lead all the way round, the rider of Zigzag waiting quietly till they came on the home stretch, trusting to his horse's superior speed to win the race. The last hurdle was taken by Nannie four lengths ahead, and now the momentous struggle commenced. At every stride Zigzag drew closer, but the mare had too great a lead to be overcome in the limited distance, and she crossed the score two lengths ahead of Zigzag, a winner of the race in four minutes sixteen and a half seconds. Garry Oaldie was third.

Our Artist's sketch was taken at the moment the horses started. It was a two mile dash, over eight hurdles of three and a half feet, and was for \$400-10 per cent. to be given to the second horse.

The assemblage was very large, and included a very fair sprinkling of the beauty and fashion of the surrounding paris. Mr. Francis and Mr. James Harvey Lyons, the manager and secretary of the association, deserve much praise for the admirable manner in which they have organized this association.

GREAT STEAM CONTEST Between the Winoski and Algonquin.

SOME few of our readers may not be aware that there has been for some time a feud raging between the Government Engineer Isherwood and Mr. Forbes, of Providence, R. I. The feud we mean, however, is a scientific and not a personal one, and really rests between the unvindictive, unreasoning, although occasionally very destructive things, the steam engines of the gunboat Winoski, constructed by the Navy Department, under the direction of Mr. Isherwood, and the engines of the Algonquin, manufactured by Mr. Forbes, from plans and drawings made by Mr. Dickerson. Mr. Dickerson was so confident of the superior merits of his engine, that he challenged his opponent to a trial of speed between the two boats. Mr. Welles has done many original things in his life, such as building Noah's ark—this being, however, before his beard was full grown, we will allow him to have all the benefit of acknowledged youthfulness in that naval adventure—but we question if he, or any other man, ever hit upon a more original plan for testing the force and speed of anything than by tying them to a post, to see which could prance his feet quickest; even a couple of horses, placed in a mill, would be more to the purpose. As, however, Mr. Secretary Welles would not budge from his plan, Messrs. Forbes and Dickerson had to submit, and the novel spectacle is now presented to the great amusement of the scientific world, of two war steamers fastened to the pier, at the foot of Delancy street, East River, getting up their steam to see how many revolutions per minute they can achieve. Th

to a certain extent it is a test cannot be denied, but that it is about the most ridiculous is equally certain. So far as the trial has hitherto gone, the advantage seems to rest with the Winoski, since on Tuesday the Algonquin (Dickerson's boat) made 13½ revolutions with 65½ of steam, while the Winoski made 16 revolutions with 35½ of steam. As a curiosity of science and naval management, our Artist has given a sketch of this interesting experiment.

THE NEW HALL OF TRADE And Chamber of Commerce, Chicago—Its Opening Day.

THE temple just erected to the goddess of commerce in Chicago is a very fine structure, and worthy

the great city it ornaments. It is situated in Washington street, and faces the Court House. Its style of architecture is the composite, or Roman Italian, perhaps not the most appropriate for so large a building, but still the effect is very good. The grand front has five windows of 27 feet by 5, with the exception of the centre, which is 50 feet by 10. These range over the portico, which consists of three arches, supported by Corinthian columns, over which is a balcony. On a frieze, between the arches and the balcony, the name of the building is inscribed, "Chamber of Commerce," and directly over the balcony are the words, "Board of Trade." The portico leads up a flight of steps into the vestibule, which extends the entire length of the building, with a number (some 14) of splendid offices on each side of it. These are nearly all occupied by the leading merchants,

such as Oliver & Co., Davis, Pope & Co., S. P. Carter, and by several banks, amongst them Sturges' bank, and City National Bank, which are located in Nos. 1 and 2. Both sides of the building face respectively on La Salle street and Exchange place. Here are 19 windows, which light up the hall on the grand floor. There is an entrance door also on each side, and these are directly opposite each other. The lower offices and the main hall are divided by a plain frieze, without ornament, and the building is covered by a Mansard roof, surrounded by a parapet, which, in front of the building, is surmounted by a clock, with a seven feet dial plate, the largest in the west. The roof is 17 feet high from the cornice, and contains the timber construction for the support of the ceiling of the main hall. It is lighted by eight oval windows on each side, and by two in the front.

The dimensions of the main building are 90 feet by 181, and the height 100 feet. The size of the hall is 88½ by 148½, and the height 45 feet clear.

Adjoining the building, from this floor, is another, 24 feet by 100, devoted to offices for the Board of Trade, and the two are connected by a covered bridge.

The ascent to the hall is by a double flight of stairs, from the ground floor, and these lead to it directly both to the right and left. The visitor will scarcely be prepared for the magnificent sight which bursts upon him the moment that he enters this splendid hall. It satisfies the eye, even the most critical, if not in all its details, then at least in the grandeur of its dimensions, the beautiful light afforded by the stately and majestic windows, the harmony of the coloring, and the general character of the designs. Its loftiness is absolutely inspiring, and the effect is very imposing. It is elaborately adorned with elegant designs and ornaments, frescoes, and paintings. These exhibit a great deal of talent, and an amount of artistic culture which we are glad to record to the credit of Chicago workmen.

The hall is lighted with Frink's reflectors in the top of the roof. The glare of the bright tin mays the effect of the colored embossing in which they are set, at all events by daylight; otherwise, they are a great improvement upon the old plan of illumination.

The ceiling is divided into two large circles, surrounded by frescoes representing Peace and Plenty, with the products of Ceres and Pomona, such as sheaves of golden grain, and baskets of delicious-looking fruit arrayed around them. The circles are enclosed in squares, and in the eight corners are various pictures demonstrative of western trade and commerce—such as the grain elevator, pork packing house, saw-mill, flour-mill, railway-train, canal boat, a great river packet, ploughing scene, etc.

Our picture represents the opening of this important institution. The ceremonies were very imposing, and conducted with great effect and decorum. President Randolph, of the Board of Trade, delivered the inaugural address, after which Mr. S. I. Anderson, of Maine, and Mr. I. S. Roper, of Boston, made eloquent



THE NEW HALL OF TRADE AND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. HAW, CHICAGO.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE GRAND HALL OF THE NEW BOARD OF TRADE, CHICAGO, ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 31.

and appropriate speeches. The proceedings altogether were very satisfactory, and worthy of the great city.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A CITIZEN of Washington who owned a very ugly and vicious dog named him "Wira," and then shot him.

When the committee of the French Academy were employed in preparing the well-known Académie Dictionary, Cuvier, renowned for his wit as well as his learning, came one day into the room where they were holding a session.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Cuvier," said one of the 40; "we have just finished a definition which we think quite satisfactory, but on which we should like to have your opinion. We have been defining the word crab, and explained it thus: 'Crab, a small red fish which walks backwards.'"

"Perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvier, "only if you will give me leave, I will make one small observation in natural history. The crab is not a fish, it is not red, it does not walk backwards. With these exceptions your definition is excellent."

"That was a horrible affair," said a gentleman in company, "the murder of Dean, and the sealing up of his remains in a tin box!"

"What Dean?" asked half a dozen voices at once.

"Sam Dean," replied the wag.

A New York Sabbath school teacher asked a young pupil the meaning of "the wages of sin is death." The boy did not know what wages were, and was asked, "What his father got on Saturday night?"

"Drunk," was the answer.

"Poor fellow! So young too! Well, sooner or later we all bid farewell to the pleasures of life."

"Tis but just—" "What! has anything happened to Slater?"

"Is he dying?" "No! no! but he has taken a wife."

"Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours, and found no game."

"Just so. I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

A GREAT deal has been said about Death on the Pale Horse, but in view of the railroad mortality, people are now beginning to talk about Death on the Iron Horse.

"All morning bitters have a heating tendency or effect," said a doctor to a young lady.

"You will except a bitter cold morning, won't you, doctor?" inquired the lady.

YOUNG HOPEFUL TO BANKRUPT PARENT.—

"Papa, why am I like Mr. Love?"

B. P.—"Can't say, dear; don't see any resemblance."

Y. H.—"Because I'm an heir o'nought (aeronaut)."

B. P.—"Don't see it."

An Irish lad, having been asked if the man who had just flogged him was his own father, replied:

"Yes, sure he is the parent iv me; but he treats me as if I was his son by another father and mother, bed luck to him!"

The following will be found at Portsmouth, upon the tombstone of a carpenter, inscribed by his widow:

Here lies Jimmy Little, a carpenter industrious, A very good-natured man, but somewhat blustering; When that his little wife his authority withstood, He took a little stick and bang'd her as he would.

His wife now left alone her ices does so improve, She wishes Jimmy back to bang her a little more; For now he's dead and gone this fault appears so small, A little thing would make her think it was no fault at all.

An innkeeper observed a postilion with only one spur, and inquired the reason.

"Why, what would be the use of another?" said the postilion, "if one side of the horse goes, the other can't stand still."

Down east there resides a certain M.D. One very cold night he was aroused from his slumber by a very loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation he went to the window, and asked:

"Who's there?"

"A friend," was the answer.

"What do you want?"

"Want to stay here all night."

"Stay there, then," was the benevolent reply.

"I SAY, Mr. Johnson, did you hear 'bout de catelapay dat befel Philise?"

"Of course I didn't—what was it?"

"You see, the doctor ordered a blister on her chest; well, as she hadn't no chest, no how, she put an on de hand-box, and it drawed her new pink bonnet out ob shape, and spoile un entirely."

The following colloquy actually took place at an eastern post-office:

Pat—"I say, Mr. Postmaster, is there a litter for me?"

"Who are you, my good sir?"

"I'm meself—that's who I am."

"Well, what is your name?"

"An' what do ye want wid the name? Isn't it on the litter?"

"So that I can find the letter, if there is one."

"Will, Pat Byrne, then, if you must have it."

"No, sir, there's none for Pat Byrne."

"Is there no way to get in there but through this pane of glass?"

"No, sir."

"It's will for ye there isn't. I'd teach ye better manners than to insist on a gentleman's name; but ye didn't get it after all—so I'm even wid ye; divil a bit is my name Byrne!"

WHAT is the difference between a couple of mermaids and summer and autumn?

The former are two sea-daughters, and the latter two sea-sons.

WHITE paper for newspaper is now being extensively made in this country, out of bamboo. Is not this putting the mark of cane upon the press?

A YOUNG ox was observed the other day in the neighborhood of the new cattle market, playing at pitch and toss in the open streets. Such is the progress of civilization!

SOME one has called riddles the last resource of weak minds, but we must say this no longer, since it reports that the Bishop of Oxford entertained the Princes of Wales during the Clergy Corporation dinner the other day, by asking him a whole string of riddles, at which it is said, his Royal Highness laughed immoderately. The last I heard was the following:

"Why is it probable that the volunteer firemen prefer married ladies to spinsters? Because they hate to see a Miss at Wimbledon."

SMOKE's wife loves to make bread, because it cleans her hands beautifully.

MOCK no man for his snub-nose, for you never can tell what may turn up.

A CHARACTER, like a kettle, once mended, always wants mending.

"Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sane-looking man.

"That's not true," said a lady, who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a wagging deacon to his minister; "I see the sleepers are very sound."

"I SUPPOSE," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient, "that you think me a humbug?"

"Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

"ARE you fond of Hogg's Tales?" said a rather voracious lady to a shepherd.

"Yes; I like 'em roasted w' salt on 'em, was the response."

"No—but I mean have you read Hogg's Tales?"

"No," said the bumpkin, "our hogs are all white or black—I don't think there is a red one among 'em."

A CLEVERLY recently illustrated his argument in favor of corporal punishment for children by a pleasant piece of witicism. He said that "the child, when once started in a course of evil conduct, is like a locomotive on the wrong track—it takes the switch to get off."

FREDERICK the Great wrote to one of his generals: "I send you with 60,000 men against the enemy." On numbering the troops, it was found there were found but 50,000. The officer expressed his surprise at such a mistake on the part of his sovereign. Frederick's reply was, "I counted you for 10,000 men."

FIRST PREMIUM. IMPROVED

\$5 SEWING MACHINE! \$5

THE EMBODIMENT OF

PRACTICAL UTILITY AND

EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

Originally Patented May 19, 1892; improvement patented June 9, 1893. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is HOMELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD. Makes the Running Stitch more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity. Will Gather, Hem, Rag, Shir, Tuck, Run up Braid, &c., &c.; requires no Lubrication or Change of Stitch—is NOT LIABLE TO GET OUT OF ORDER, and will last a LIFETIME. This is NOT A SMALL POCKET MACHINE, like several others advertised; and it does NOT run over the work; it WORKS ON A TABLE, and all its work must pass through it.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable; for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Golden's Ladies' Book*.

"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*N. Y. Independent*.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

All persons who buy or offer for sale imitations of this genuine Machine, will be prosecuted for infringement on the patents.

Single Machines sent to any part of the country per Express, packed in box with printed instructions on receipt of price, \$5. Agents wanted everywhere. Circular containing Liberal Inducements sent free. Address all orders to

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
Office, 102 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Rose Seymour.

The Story of a BALLET GIRL'S LIFE. Just issued. Sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

HILTON & CO., Publishers, 129 Nassau St., N. Y. 521-23

All who want to know how to raise Whiskers, Curl the Hair, cure Freckles, Pimples, and 20 other Secrets, address with red stamp, H. B. WILLIS, 84 Nassau Street, New York. 521-24

The True Art of Producing a Likeness of your future Wife or Husband. Madame Le Grand, Clairvoyant, by the aid of the Psychometre, a newly invented French instrument of intense power, can produce a perfect likeness of your future partner, with initials of name, pecuniary circumstances, and date of marriage. She will also tell you whether your married life will be happy or otherwise. State age, color of hair, and eyes, and enclose 50 cents, with prepaid addressed envelope. Address MADAME LE GRAND, P. O. Drawer 363, Cohoes, New York. 522-23

Spanish Curling Cream, Warranted to Curl the most Straight or Stiff Hair. Mailed for \$1. Address: GEO. BLACKIE & CO., 713 Broadway, N. Y. 521-25

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—The Ulcers, Tumors, etc., which arise from impure blood or other constitutional disorders frequently defy science, but cannot resist the action of these medicines. Numerous preparations advertised under the head of cosmetics, drive the disease inward and peril life, while these remedies are really safe and efficacious in a radical cure.

New Patent Snap and Catch 'em Fish Hook. Takes every fish that bites. Springs open in his mouth. Can now all orders promptly. Agents wanted. Send 25 cents for sample hook and terms, to JOSEPH BRIGGS, 335 Broadway, New York.

\$10 Per day made selling the Sketches (31) entitled the "SOUTHERN PRISONS OF UNITED STATES OFFICERS, and Scenes from Life as PRISONERS OF WAR," with key (24 pages) explanation. It is decidedly the best ornamental, historical work that has ever been presented to the public, and will be purchased by everybody. Copies sent free to agents on receipt of \$1.25. Call on, or address with stamp, HOPKINS & CO., 74 Bleeker Street, New York.

Comic Card Photographs of the latest and best subjects. Agents wanted in every town. Large profits and quick sales. Send 10 cents for sample and catalogue to H. RIVINGTON & CO., No. 660 Broadway, New York.

Something New. Send 20 cents and one red stamp for an article that every young lady and gentleman wants. Address: E. R. HALE, Box 200, New London, Conn.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE!! During a residence in Spain, I obtained of a Spanish seer a correctly constructed HOROSCOPE, the only instrument in the world capable of producing a few minutes of an absent person. By its aid I am enabled to produce an accurate PHOTOGRAPH of your future wife or husband, also, the date of marriage. By stating age, height, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing 50 cents, with stamped envelope, plainly addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail.

MISS FANNIE A. MASON,
P. O. Drawer 32, Albany, New York.

Look Here, Boys! My Golden Compound will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face in 71 days. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Sent by mail for 50 cents, or three packages for \$1. Address: M. A. JAGGER, Calhoun St.

METROPOLITAN ENTERPRISE

GREAT GIFT SALE

OF THE
New York & Providence

JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION.

Capital—\$1,000,000!

Depot, 553 Broadway.

An immense stock of Pianos, Watches, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, all to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you see what you will receive.

CERTIFICATES,

Naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents; five for \$1; 11 for \$2; 30 for \$5; 65 for \$10; and 100 for \$15.

On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you are going to have, and then it is at your option to pay the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, Fia o, Sewing Machine, or any Set of Jewelry on our list, for \$1; and in no case can they get less than One Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Address

C. H. DUNN & CO.,

553 Broadway, New York.

Immensely Depots have also been opened in Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, under the management of Messrs. DUNN & CO.



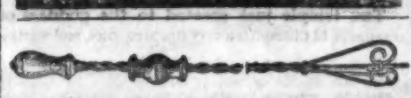
WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM



SEWING MACHINES,

625 Broadway, New York.

Try Ward's India-Rubber Enamelled PAPER COLLARS & CUFFS, ALSO, WARD'S FRENCH PRINTED PAPER COLLARS & CUFFS, AT ALL GENTS' FURNISHING STORES. The Trade supplied at No. 387 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



Greatest Convenience of the Age!

ASHLEY'S
PATENT SCREW EGG BEATER.

The only one that can be used in a small vessel, or that will beat from one egg to any required number. All other beaters must be attached to some place to be used; this needs only to be held in the hand. Will do the work thoroughly in less than a minute. Durable, simple and cheap. Warranted to give satisfaction. For sale by all House Furnishing and Hardware stores. Agents wanted. Sample, post-paid, for 50 cents. Circulars free. K. E. ASHLEY, Sole Manufacturer, 520-23 Office 95 Maiden Lane, (Box 5,646 P. O.) N. Y.

\$90 A Month.—Agents wanted for six entirely new articles, just out. Address O. T. GAREY, City Building, Biddeford, Maine. 521-33

Fifty Methods of Employment, Arts, Secrets, Ways to make Money, etc. Sent everywhere for \$1, worth \$100. Address W. FRIZZELL, Baltimore, Md.

A New and Useful Invention. A Kerosene Oil Burner that gives a brilliant light without smoke or odor, and without using a chimney. Send 50 cents and get sample by return mail, and try it. Address NEW YORK LAMP CO., 299 Pearl St., N. Y.

Agents WANTED Agents

A saleable and profitable article. Send 25 cents for sample and circular. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York. 521-33

Booksellers, Stationers, And General Dealers, send for our great Catalogue of Books, Prints, Albums, &c. HILTON & CO., 129 Nassau Street, New York. 521-23

"Wonders never cease," neither does the immense sale of that greatest of modern wonders,

The American Pocket Timekeeper.

Price One Dollar!!

A triumph of science. The most novel and useful invention of the age. WARRANTED to denote solar time with greater accuracy than the most expensive gold or silver watch. Neat, durable, and WILL NOT get out of order; while its extremely low price places it within the reach of every one. Emphatically the time-piece for the MILLION. Price, with white enameled dial, in gold or silver gilt, \$1. Sent securely by mail, post-paid. CAUTION.—This invention is the sole and exclusive property of the AMERICAN MANUFACTURING CO., and all parties are cautioned against buying or dealing in imitations. Address orders only to

AMERICAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, West Troy, New York.

Writing Paper, Envelopes, Blank and Memorandum Books, Cheap, at

LEACH'S, 86 Nassau Street, New York. 522-33

1,000,000 Purchasers Wanted. Articles to suit everybody. Catalogue sent free. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York. 522-31

DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S Italian Medicated Soap,

It is well known, cures Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Chaps, Chafes, Tender Flesh, etc., besides being the very best shaving compound ever invented. GOURAUD'S ROUGE SUBTLE uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lip, or any part of the body safely and quickly—warranted. LIQUID ROUGE, for pale lips and cheeks. LILY WHITE for flushed, red and heated faces. Found at DR. GOURAUD'S old established depot, 463 Broadway.

The purity and efficacy of the above preparations have been endorsed by tens of thousands, who have used them the past twenty-five years.

AGENTS—Callender, Philadelphia; Bates, Goodwin & Co, Boston; Johnson, Detroit; Keyser, Pittsburgh; Wood, Richmond, Va.; and Druggists generally.

\$8 IMPORTED \$10 WATCH.

Fine European Watches, direct from our own manufactory, Serviceable, Correct and Warranted, at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

An ELEGANT WATCH in Fine Gold-Plated, Double Case, Richly engraved, English Full Plate Jeweled Movement, adjusted Regulator, Balance and Balance Bridge, Fine Enamelled White Dial and Fancy Hands, Correct Time-keeper, with Key, Case, Gent's FINE VEST CHAINS, with Beautiful GOLD LOCKET, Double Hunting-Case for two Likenesses, to match, all complete. Sent to any part of the country free, for only \$10.

A HANDSOME SILVER WATCH, Serviceable Pattern, Small Size, in Heavy Double Case, same as the \$10 Watch, with Key, Case, Chain, Gold Locket, &c., sent free for only \$8.

The Great Imperial Watch,

containing a Rare and Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects, a beautiful and correct working THERMOMETER, an accurately adjusted Mariner's Compass in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a Reliable Calendar, indicating day of month, week, etc., rendering this Watch a perfect STORM, HEAT and TIME INDICATOR, and of great value to the Soldier, Sailor, Farmer, and every one who desires a RELIABLE and VALUABLE WATCH. This valuable Watch is encased in Finely Finished DOUBLE HUNTING CASES, WITH MAGIC SPRING (the outer cases being of fine 18 Carat Gold, inner cases of Solid Gold Composite), Richly Engraved, with Panel for Name. Genuine English Improved Jeweled Action, M. J. Tobias movements, Polished Cap, Self-acting Steel Polished Chick, Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an Exact Imitation of a \$200 watch, used by the ROYAL ENGINEERS and Officers of the BRITISH ARMY, as their standard time-keeper. None Genuine unless bearing our private trade mark. Price per single one, all complete, by mail, to any part of the army or country, \$20. Fine Silver Duplex Watches, \$20. GENTLEMEN'S AMERICAN LEVER, Pure Silver Hunting-Case, only \$30. English Levers, \$20. Ladies' Gold Enamelled Watches as low as \$30.

CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers, 102 Nassau St., N. Y. Established 1855.



Just Published.

FUN! FUN!!
The LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JEFFERSON DRAVIS, price 25 cents. Sent by mail. Address C. L. BRIGGS, 144 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. 521-34

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent post-paid for 25 cents; 50 photographs of Rebel Officers for 25 cents; 50 photographs of Statesmen and Generals for 25 cents; 100 photographs of Female Beauties for 25 cents; 100 photographs of Actors for 25 cents. Address 521-36 C. SKYMOUR, Box 45, Holland, N. Y.

Every Man his own Printer.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, \$10, \$15, \$20, \$25 and \$50. Price of an Office, with Press, \$15, \$25, \$40, \$45 and \$75. Send for a Circular to the LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water Street, Boston. 521-35

\$25 A Day.—Agents wanted to sell a new and wonderful SEWING MACHINE, the only cheap one licensed. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. 521-33

Photograph Cards for Gentlemen.—Sample 25 cents; French Transparent Cards (52 views), \$1.25 per pack; \$10 per dozen; also Marked Back Playing Cards, \$1.50 per pack. All by mail on receipt of price. Address FORWARDING AGENCY, 58 Liberty Street, N. Y. 521-38

CURIOUS FASTENERS FOR EVERYBODY'S USE. Will fasten Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Corsets, &c., without tying. Send 25 cents for a pair. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. 521-33

THOSE HANDSOME FAIRY ALBUMS

For holding 40 Pictures.....\$1 25 (Fairly Albums sent by mail, postage paid.)

For holding 80 Pictures.....\$1 50 Agents, Stationers, etc., send price for samples and trade list. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

Articles to suit everybody. Send stamp for Catalogue. 521-31

Agents WANTED Agents

A saleable and profitable article. Send 25 cents for sample and circular. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York. 521-33

Booksellers, Stationers, And General Dealers, send for our great Catalogue of Books, Prints, Albums, &c. HILTON & CO., 129 Nassau Street, New York. 521-23

"Wonders never cease," neither does the immense sale of that greatest of modern wonders,

The American Pocket Timekeeper.

Price One Dollar!!

A triumph of science. The most novel and useful invention of the age. WARRANTED to denote solar time with greater accuracy than the most expensive gold or silver watch. Neat, durable, and WILL NOT get out of order; while its extremely low price places it within the reach of every one. Emphatically the time-piece for the MILLION. Price, with white enameled dial, in gold or silver gilt, \$1. Sent securely by mail, post-paid. CAUTION.—This invention is the sole and exclusive property of the AMERICAN MANUFACTURING CO., and all parties are cautioned against buying or dealing in imitations. Address orders only to

AMERICAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, West Troy, New York.

Writing Paper, Envelopes, Blank and Memorandum Books, Cheap, at

LEACH'S, 86 Nassau Street, New York. 522-33

1,000,000 Purchasers Wanted. Articles to suit everybody. Catalogue sent free. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York. 522-31

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED
TO SECURE GOOD JEWELLERY AT LOW PRICES.

100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD
PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS'
PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.,

Worth \$500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to
cost, and not to be paid for until you know what you are
getting. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform
you what you can have for \$1, and at the same time get
our Circular containing full list and particulars, also
terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and
Town in the Country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

"Psychomaney."—How either sex may
inspire and gain the love, confidence, affection and
good will of any person they choose, instantly. This
simple mental acquirement all can possess, securing
certain success in love, marriage, etc., free by mail, for
25 cents, together with a guide to the unmarried of both
sexes—an extraordinary book, of great interest. Third
edition; over 100,000 copies already sold. Address
at T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

Something New.

For Agents and Dealers to sell, 20 Novel and Useful
Articles; profits large. Send stamp for circular.
S. W. RICE & CO.,
63 Nassau street, N. Y.

LADY AGENTS WANTED

To sell valuable articles wanted in every Family. Cata-
logues sent Free. Address
CHAS. MANCHES, 668 Broadway, New York.

WONDERFULLY STRANGE!

MADAME N. H. PERREGAULT,

Who has astonished the scientific classes of Paris and
London, has now permanently located herself at Albany,
N. Y. Madame Perregault, by the aid of her wonderful
instrument, known as the Horoscope, guarantees to
produce a life-like picture of the future husband or
wife of the patron, together with the date of marriage,
leading traits of character, occupation, etc. This is no
humbug, as thousands of testimonials can attest. She
will send, when desired, a written guarantee that the
picture is what it purports to be. By stating age, height,
complexion, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing 50
cents, and stamped envelope, addressed to yourself,
you will receive the picture by return mail. Address
Madame N. H. PERREGAULT,
P. O. Drawer 202, Albany, N. Y.



BEAUTY!



AUBURN, GOLDEN, FLAXEN AND SILKEN CURLS
produced by the use of

PROF. DE BRUUX

FRISER LE CHEVEUX.

One application warranted to curl the most straight
and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets or
heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashion-
ables of Paris and London with the most gratifying
results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail,
sealed and postpaid, \$1. Descriptive circulars mailed
free. Address
BERGER, SHULTZ & CO., Chemists,
P. O. Drawer 21, Troy, N. Y.

516-28 Sole Agents for the United States.

"How 'Tis Done; or, The Secret Out."

The original and only "BOOK OF WONDERS," con-
taining the Great Secret of a Moustache and Whiskers
in 43 days—Gambling and Marked Cards Exposed and
Explained; also, Fortune-Telling, Ventrioloquism, Fish-
ing Secrets, Initiation Liquors, and 100 other Secret
Articles never before published. This is the only "original"
BOOK OF WONDERS. All others are imitations of
this book. Price only 25 cents—5 for \$1. Mailed free.
Address
HUNTER & CO.,
Hinsdale, N. H.

521-24

The Great Money-Making Article.

Everybody needs it. Agents or Soldiers can make \$10
a day. Sample, with particulars, sent free by mail, for
25 cents. Address
E. H. MARTIN, Hinsdale, N. H.

000

DON'T BE FOOLISH.

You can make Six Dollars from Fifty Cents. Call and
examine an invention urgently needed by everybody. Or
a sample sent free by mail for 50c. that retails easily for
\$6, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

A Providential Discovery!

ASTHMA CAN CERTAINLY BE CURED

By an old physician who has spent the past ten years in
the East Indies, and who, while in Siam, discovered the
important secret of their method for the complete cure
of this terrible complaint. For full particulars, with
testimonials, address (enclosing 10 cents),
618-22
DR. R. M. LEWIS, Troy, N. Y.

SAVAGE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF LANTERNS
AND BURNERS,

256 Greenwich St., New York.

Fifty varieties of the latest im-
proved Kerosene Oil Lamps; also
Patentees of the CELEBRATED
SAVAGE AND CO. NO-CHIMNEY BURNER. Agents
wanted immediately. Send for circular.

522-23
SAVAGE & CO., 286 Greenwich St., N. Y.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES.

The best in the World. They have the Reversible
Feed Motion. They have a perfect Self-Adjusting Shut-
tles. They make four separate and distinct
Stitches on one and the same machine. They have
many advantages over all others.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
505 Broadway, New York.

FURNITURE, FURNITURE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

(FORMERLY E. F. DEGRAAF)

No. 87 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

This establishment is six stories in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 65 Chrystie Street—making it
one of the largest Furniture Houses in the United States.

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade for Time or Cash. Their stock consists
in part of

ROSEWOOD, PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE; MAHOGANY AND WALNUT, PARLOR AND
CHAMBER FURNITURE.

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSB and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock
ENAMELED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

Tucker's New Style Patent Spring Bed,

The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, \$2 each.

Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

GEORGE L. CANNON'S
AIR WARMING &
VENTILATING APPARATUS,
(KITCHEN RANGES, &c.)
614 BROADWAY, BETWEEN BLECKER &
NEW YORK. HOUSTON STS.

Art of Enameling.—The beautiful art of en-
ameling the skin. White French Skin Enamel, for
whitening, beautifying and preserving the complexion,
making it soft, fair, smooth and transparent. It quickly
removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, etc., without injury to
the skin. Warranted. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Ad-
dress HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh st.,
Philadelphia.

Stereoscopic Views and Cartes de Visite.
1,000 different kinds. Send stamp for a Catalogue
000
VICTOR DELAPO, 80 Nassau St., N. Y.

**Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de
VISITE,** latest importations. Also, New Books and
Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.
000
FELICE RIBON, 27 Ann St., N. Y.

THE ONLY GENUINE
REMEDY IN THE MARKET
DR. BRIGGS'
GOLDEN O'DOR

Will force beautiful set of Whiskers or Moustache on
the smoothest face in from five to eight weeks, without
stain or injury to the skin; or hair on bald heads in
eight weeks, and no humbug. I receive recommendations
nearly every day from persons who have used it,
and found it genuine. Read testimonials:

"Washington, D. C., Fort Dupont,
Sept. 8, 1864.

"Dr. Briggs.—Dear Sir—As I have personally ex-
perienced the benefit of your Golden O'dor, I cannot
restrain from giving my testimony as to its merits. My
face was entirely smooth, and no whiskers to be seen.
I commenced using your Golden O'dor, and in six weeks
I found a crop of Whiskers and Moustache starting,
and they are now growing finely. I sincerely trust that this
testimonial may prove of as much benefit to you as the
O'dor has to your humble servant and well-wisher.
"Sergt. JOHN TAYLOR."

I will send my Golden O'dor by mail, sealed and post-
paid, for \$1.25; or five O'dors for \$5. In order to
obtain the genuine article, all orders must be sent to
DR. C. BRIGGS,
P. O. Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill.

521-24

Albums for the People.

Holding 24 Pictures, and sold at
75 cents. Albums of all de-
scriptions free by mail on receipt
of the price.

C. HUGHES,
Album Manufacturer,
102 Centre St., N. Y.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,
501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MA-
TERIALS, we are Headquarters for the following: viz:
STEREOSCOPES & STEREOGRAPHIC VIEWS,
200 Big, General, 100 Other Officers, 150 Divisions,
American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary
etc., etc. Also, Revolving Stereosopes, for public or private ex-
hibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt
of Stamp.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.

We were the first to introduce these into the United States,
and we manufacture immense quantities in great variety, rang-
ing in price from 50 cents to \$40 each. Our ALBUMS have the
reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any
others. They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER.

Our Catalogue now embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different
subjects to which additions are continually being made) of Por-
traits of Eminent Americans, etc., viz: about
100 Major-Generals, 100 Lieut.-Colonels, 200 State-men,
200 Big, General, 100 Other Officers, 150 Divisions,
775 Colonels, 75 Navy Officers, 150 Authors,
40 Artists, 2000 Copies of Works of Art,
including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings,
Paintings, Statues, etc. Catalogue sent on receipt of Stamp.
An order for One Dozen Pictures from our Catalogue will be
filled on the receipt of \$1.00, and sent by mail, FREE.
Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D. will please
send twenty-five per cent. of the amount with their order.
\$5 The price and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy.

SOLDIERS' ALBUMS, for 15 Pictures, 75 cents; 24
Pictures, \$1.

Beauty.—Hunt's Bloom of Roses,

A charming, delicate and perfect natural color for the
cheeks or lips; does not wash off or injure the skin; re-
mains permanent for years and cannot be detected.
Price \$1.18 cents by mail, securely packed from ob-
servation.
HUNT & CO., PERFUMERS,
133 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

New Books, New Books, and Sporting

GOODS. New Styles Cartes de Visite. Sample 25 cents.
Catalogues sent Free. Address J. F. MANCHES, 638
Broadway, New York.

Stop and Read

Your future destiny revealed by MISS LIZZIE MOR-
RIS of Albany, the only American Gipsy on the contin-
ent. Upon receipt of 50 cents, and a post-paid address
envelope, I will send the picture of your future wife or
husband that is to be. Address MISS LIZZIE MORRIS,
Drawer 126, Albany, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED
Matrimony
made easy

How to Win a Sweetheart or Lover.

If any young gentleman or lady wishes to know how
to begin a love correspondence, or if they wish to speak
their mind in a lady, bashful or careless way to their
lover, this book tells exactly how it should be done. It
tells you how to write love letters, and how to win your
sweetheart every time. It tells you how you can marry
whoever you wish, and how you can become rich in a
very short time. Handsomely bound in gilt muslin.
Sent by mail, postpaid, for \$1. Send all orders to C. L.
BRIGGS, Publisher, 144 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
521-24

Matrimony.—Why every man should marry.

Why every woman should marry. All may marry to
know. Read the Illustrated Marriage Guide and Medical
Adviser, by WM. EARL, M.D., 200 pages. Mailed in
sealed envelopes on receipt of 25 cts. Address 12 White
Street, New York.

HOW ALL MAY MARRY.

Courtship Made Easy. New Edition—Illustrated.
Treating on "Psychologic Fascination," showing how
any person of either sex can fascinate, win the undying
love, and marry any person they wish, irrespective of age
or personal appearance. Sent by mail for 50 cents, by
E. D. LOCKE & CO., Box 1525, Portland, Maine.

522-25

Wanted! Attention!—(Something new.) I
will send by mail, postpaid, a beautiful MILITARY
ALBUM, with twenty-four pictures of our Union
Generals for 50 cents. Agents wanted immediately.
Price per dozen, to agents, \$3 per dozen; or \$1.75 per
half dozen. Send all orders to C. L. BRIGGS, 144 Dear-
born street, Chicago, Ill.

521-24

The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid.

Published for the benefit and as a warning to young
men and others who suffer from Nervous Debility, etc.;
supplying at the same time the means of Self-Cure. By
one who has cured himself, after being put to great ex-
pense through medical imposition and quackery. By
inclosing a postpaid, addressed envelope, single copies
may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR,
Esq., Brooklyn, King's County, N. Y.

6,000 Agents Wanted, to sell SIX NEW

INVENTIONS of great value to families; all
pay great profits. Send 15 cents and get 50 pages; or 25
cents and get 80 pages and a sample gratis.
517-29
EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

MATRIMONY.—If you want to be married,

send a stamp-directed envelope to
H. C. KELLOGG,
518-22
422 1/2 Broadway, N. Y.

6 CHANCES FOR \$1

In the greatest sale of Jewelry in this country. \$1,000-
00 of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry and Silver Ware,
etc., to be sold for \$1 each; not to be paid for till you
know what you are to get. Sealed envelopes, calling for
every article in this immense stock of a manufacturing
house, are mixed, and sent when ordered, one for 25
cents; six for \$1; one hundred for \$12; and a Watch
will be presented to every agent. Agents can make \$25
a day, and are wanted in every town in the United States
and Canada. Address
J. TOWNSEND & CO., 15 John St., New York.

WONDERFULLY STRANGE!

MISS JENNIE M. FRANKLIN, by the aid of her
wonderful instrument, known as the Horoscope, guar-
antees to produce a life-like picture of the future husband
or wife of the applicant, together with the date of mar-
riage. This is no humbug, as testimonials without
number can attest. By stating age, height, color of eyes
and hair, and enclosing 50 cents, with stamped envelope,
plainly addressed to yourself, you will receive the pic-
ture by return mail. Address Miss JENNIE M. FRANK-
LIN, Box 28, West Troy, N. Y.

Royal Havana Lottery.

Official Drawing of September 8, 1865,

No. 13300.....	draw.....	\$100,000
No. 18939.....	".....	50,000
No. 4009.....	".....	25,000
No. 9746.....	".....	10,000
No. 21621.....	".....	5,000

Being the five capital prizes.
Prizes paid in gold. Information furnished. Highest
rates paid for doubloons and all kinds of gold and
silver.

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 16 Wall st., N. Y.

New and Popular Singing Book, For Choirs and Singing Schools.

Entitled THE NEW SACRED STAR. By Leonard Mar-
shall. The long experience of the author has enabled
him to offer in this volume a collection of music un-
commonly well adapted to the wants of the public, to-
gether with a series of Elementary Lessons and Exer-
cises of unusual excellence for Schools and all persons
who would improve their vocal abilities. Price \$1.35
per copy. \$12.00 per doz. OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
Boston.



The Great New England Remedy!

Dr. J. W. Poland's

WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout
the country, after having been proved
by the test of six or seven years in the New
England States, where its merits have
become as well known as the tree from which, in part,
it derives its virtues. The White Pine Compound cures

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diphtheria, Bronchitis,
Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections
generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for
Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty
of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the
Kidney and Bladder, Gravel,
and other Complaints.

For Mice and Scoury it will be found very valuable.
Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good
and tried medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by
Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, Boston, Mass.
Burnhams & Van Schaack, Chicago, Ill.; John D. Park,
Cincinnati, Ohio, General Agents for the West; Peter F.
Romero, Havana, agent for Cuba.

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches?

MY OUNGENT will force them to grow heavily in
six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or
injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post paid, to
any address on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., N. Y.

ONLY LOOK!

FREE TO ALL.

Citizens and Everybody should send their address,
and receive a large Illustrated Paper replete with the
choicest literature of the day. SENT GRATIS.
at CHARLES E. MACKAY, 207 Broadway, N. Y.

Superfluous Hair Removed

From all parts of the body, in five minutes, without injury
to the skin, by "UPHAM'S DEBRIDATORY POWDER." Mailed
to any address for \$1.25, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South
Eighth street, Philadelphia.

512-24

Freckles, Tan and Pimples

REMOVED AT ONCE, BY THE USE OF "UPHAM'S
FRECKLE, TAN AND PIMPLE EXTERMINATOR." Mailed
to any address for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South
Eighth street, Philadelphia.

512-24

Asthma Cured.

Relief Guaranteed in Ten Minutes,
and a permanent cure effected by the use of "UPHAM'S
ASTHMA CURE." Cases of from ten to twenty years'
standing yield at once to its influence. Price \$2. Sent
postpaid to any address, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South
Eighth street, Phila. Circulars sent free.

512-24

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS!

Genuine Gold Rings.

All the Army Corps Rings in 16
Karat Gold, (Stamped and War-
ranted) at \$3 and \$5 each. A
liberal discount to dealers. Sent
by mail. Address
E. P. BEACH,
12 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

\$1. WHISKERS. \$1.

For One Dollar I will send, sealed and
postpaid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed,
which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon
the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in
eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. En-
tire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive
Circulars mailed free. Address
P. O. Box 214. F. L. SHULTZ, Lansingburg, N. Y.

512-24

Stereoscopes and Magic Lanterns

for Public Exhibitions, with Photographic Views of all
prominent places, men and events, for sale by JAMES
W. QUEEN & CO., 924 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.
Priced and Illustrated Catalogue sent gratis.

512-24

The Book of Wonders tells how to make

CIDER without apples or any other fruit. It also con-
tains the Hunter's Secret, how to catch Fish and all kinds
of Game; how to make all kinds of Liquors; all kinds of
Onguents and Curling Fluids; Gambling Exposed; Ven-
triloquism Made Easy; Information of Importance to
Ladies; how to gain the Love of any one, &c., &c., &c.
Sent, securely sealed, for 25 cents. Address Box 5057
P. O., New York.

522-25

WHISKERS

AND

MOUSTACHES

Forced to grow upon the smoothest face in from three
to five weeks by using

DR. SEVIGNE'S

RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE.

The most wonderful discovery in modern science,
acting upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous
manner. It has been used by the Elite of Paris and
London with the most flattering success.

The names of all purchasers will be registered, and if
entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the
money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail,
sealed and postpaid, \$1. Descriptive circulars and
testimonials mailed free. Address
BERGER, SHULTZ & CO., Chemists,
P. O. Drawer 21, Troy, N. Y.

516-26 Sole Agents for the United States.

Magic! Magic!!—A beautiful Morocco MAGIC

POCKETBOOK, which I have just imported. This is
an ingenious invention, which every man of wit and
fashion should possess. Sent by mail, postpaid, for \$1.
Address C. L. BRIGGS, 144 Dearborn street, Chicago,
Ill.

521-21

To Beautify the Complexion,

USE SHULTZ' WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL.

The "Enamel" will remove the worst cases of Tan,
Freckles, Pimples, Moth Patches, or Sunburn, in
from four to six days. It whitens the skin perma-
nently, and imparts a freshness and transparency
to the complexion which is perfectly natural, and with-
out injury to the skin. No toilet is complete without it.
Price, by mail, sealed and postpaid, 50 cents. Address
C. F. SHULTZ,
286 River street, Troy, N. Y.

511-23

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Returned Soldiers, and everybody with a small capital, can make \$20 per day selling our great, new, and wonderful extra large size, fine quality Stationery Packages. Every dollar invested more than doubled. Splendid Gold and Silver Watches presented free to all who act as our agents. Smart Men wanted in every village and town to establish agencies. Country rights free, sales immense. Demand increasing, everybody buys them. Send for our new circulars, containing extra premium inducements, free.

M. D. GILBERT & CO., Stationers,
102 Nassau street, New York.

SMOLANDER'S
COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT OF
BUCKU,

Cures diseases of the STOMACH, and KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, &c. Price ONE DOLLAR. Sold by D. BARNES & Co., and F. C. WELLS & Co., New York. BURLING & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., General Agents.
530-535

GREAT SALE
OF
\$1,000,000 worth
OF
WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
See advertisement. BOWEN & CO. Page 30

PARLOR ORGANS!

Church Organ Harmoniums, School Organs, and Melodeons. We have just completed improvements which render our instruments far superior to any manufactured. THE PARLOR ORGAN, with new combination swell, no person should be without. Send for illustrated catalogue. CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO., 6511-23 No. 77 East 23d street, N. Y.

STAMMERING

cured by Bates' Appliances. For descriptive pamphlet, &c., address H. C. L. MEARS, 377 West 23d St., N. Y. 6000

Will Pain Killer Cure Cholera Morbus?
Yes, and all similar Diseases of the Bowels.

These cases of acute, retarded growth, the person over 12, the Balsam of the Tennessee Swamp Shrub has been found to excite the Beard, Moustache, &c., to a fine and vigorous growth. (See Testimonials.) The history and a small sample of this Balsam sent sealed on receipt of return postage. JOHN RAWLINS, 615 Broadway, N. Y.

BALLOU'S
PATENTED
FRENCH
YOKE SHIRTS
anted to FIT,
and to be
CHEAPER
for the same QUALITIES and MAKE than those of any other Shirt House in this city.
Circular containing drawings and prices sent free.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, N. Y.

EDITOR OF FRANK LESLIE'S: DEAR SIR—With your permission I wish to say to the readers of your paper, that I will send, by return mail, to all who wish it (free), a recipe, with full directions, for making and using a simple VEGETABLE BALM, that will effectually remove, in ten days, Pimples, Blisters, Tan, Freckles, and all Impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful.

I will also mail free to those having Bald Heads or Bare Faces simple directions and information that will enable them to start a full growth of luxuriant Hair, Whiskers or a Moustache, in less than 30 days.

All applications answered by return mail, without charge. Respectfully yours,
THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist,
No. 331 Broadway, N. Y.

A Modern Miracle!

From old and young, from rich and poor, from high-born and lowly, comes the universal voice of praise for HALL'S VEGETABLE

SICILIAN HAIR RENEVER.

It is a perfect and miraculous article. Cures baldness; makes hair grow; a better dressing than any "oil" or "pomatum;" softens brass, dry and wiry hair into beautiful Silken Tresses. But above all, the great wonder is the rapidity with which it restores GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR.

Use it a few times, and PRESTO, CHANGE!

the whitest and worst looking hair resumes its youthful beauty. It does not dye the hair, but strikes at the root and fills it with new life and coloring matter.

It will not take a long, disagreeable trial, to prove the truth of this matter. The first application will do good; you will see the NATURAL COLOR returning every day, and

BEFORE YOU KNOW IT,

the old, gray, discolored appearance of the hair will be gone, giving place to lustrous, shining and beautiful locks.

Ask for Hall's Sicilian Hair Renewer; no other article is at all like it in effect. You will find it

CHEAP TO BUY. PLEASANT TO TRY, and SURE TO DO YOU GOOD.

There are many imitations. Be sure you procure the genuine, manufactured only by H. P. HALL & CO., Nassau, N. H. For sale by all druggists. DEMAS BARNES & CO., Wholesale Agents.

ITCH! SALT! ITCH! RHEUM!

Cured by Balde's Crispen Ointment. Price, 35 cents. BURLING & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., Sole Agents.

A New Publishing House.—The cheapest place to buy books in the country. Have you seen Dawley's new publications? You can buy your books cheaper of this house than at any other place. T. B. DAWLEY, Publisher, No. 13 & 15 Park Row, N. Y.



HE KNOWS HE DESERVES IT.

The Editor of De Bow's Southern Review, which used to "fire the Southern heart," returning to Washington to seek a pardon and an office, is startled by hearing a suggestive refrain proceeding from what appears to be a guard-house.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Residing out of the City, should send for our MEASURING CARD. And take their own measure, and we will send them a PERFECT FIT.

E. A. BROOKS'S
Boot and Shoe Emporium,
No. 575 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, and Slippers of every description, for Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses, and Children. N. B.—LARGEST ASSORTMENT IN THE CITY.



Self-adjusting Reemitted "Snow White" Linen finished, \$7 and \$8 per doz. Samples mailed, 75c. and \$1. Illustration \$1.25 and \$1.50. Byron, with band, \$1.25. Gents' Steel Shirt Collars, \$5; Cuffs, \$2. "Steel Cuff Shirts," \$5; Knee Ties, \$1. Ladies' "Steel Collars," \$1.50; Cuffs, \$1.50 per pair. Send "star" and "price." Trade supplied. BULLOCK & FOGGAS, Inventors, Patented and Manufacturers, 10 Nassau St., N. Y.

Important Announcement.

AGENTS WANTED

To sell some new and SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS. Sample lot sent for \$10 that will sell for \$30. Catalogues and terms sent on application.

HARRIS & CO., 36 Beckman street, N. Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted and spread information, which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription will please address

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg, Kings County, New York.

PINEAPPLE CIDER.

DR. TALBOT'S Concentrated Medical Pineapple Cider will cure you if you are sick, and if you are well, will prevent sickness. See long advertisement in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER from May 13th to June 17th, 1865, inclusive. Send for circular. One-ounce sample bottle sent free by mail, on receipt of 30c. to pay postage. B. T. BABBITT, Nos. 64 to 71 Washington St., N. Y. 6510-23

Shultz' Curlique, for curling the Hair. Price by mail, 50 cents. Warranted. Address C. F. SHULTZ, Troy, N. Y.

Vineland Lands.

Large and thriving settlements, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts at from \$25 to \$35 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.

From Report of SOLON ROBINSON, Agricultural Editor of the *Frederick*.
"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairie."

Unsettled Claims of Officers and Soldiers,

Of every nature, should be presented at once at the United States Army Agency, No. 64 Bleeker Street, New York. Back monthly pay, unpaid bounties, clothing accounts, etc. Applications by mail should be accompanied by the soldier's discharge, and a full statement in writing of what is still claimed. Special attention paid to all claims of deceased soldiers, for pay, bounty, and pension.

\$7 ARMY \$10 WATCH.

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, "English Movements," and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "Miniature Calendar," indicating the Day of the Week, Month, &c., in back case. A single one sent free, by mail, to any part of the country, in neat case, with a BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIN, for only \$10.

A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with the Miniature Calendar, &c., specially adapted to the Army. Sent first by mail, to any part of the country, for only \$7.

English and American LEVERS from \$25 up. Good Watches of all descriptions. Address CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., Sole Importers, 38 and 40 Ann Street, N. Y.



Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying 500 TIMES, mailed to any address for 50 cts. THREE of different powers for \$1. Address 0000 F. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

STEINWAY & SONS,
Manufacturers of
Grand, Square and Upright Pianos,
Warerooms, No. 71 & 73 East 14th St.,
Between Union Square and Irving Place,
NEW YORK.

THE ARCANUS WATCH.

Ladies' Size, \$25. Gents' Size, \$25.
Elegant as an 18 karat Gold Watch—First-Class Timekeepers. Sent by mail, free of charge, on receipt of price. A case of six for \$125. Will sell for three times their cost. GIBARD W. DEVAUGH & CO., Sole Importers, No. 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

250 RARE RECEIPTS

Containing many Secrets and much valuable information never before made public, including over 100 Receipts now in exclusive use by the celebrated Metropolitan Hotel of this city. Price 20 cents; mailed, postage free. Address HUTCHINSON & CO., Publishers, 609 Broadway, N. Y.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE WAR!

Obtained at great expense, and forming a complete PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE GREAT UNION CONTEST.

Bull Run	Nashville	Strawberry Plains
Yorktown	Deep Bottom	Belle Plain
Gettysburg	Fair Oaks	Savage Station
Fredericksburg	Monitors	Fairfax
Chattanooga	Dutch Gap	Fort Morgan
Pontoon Trains	Atlanta	Hanover Junction
Richmond	Petersburg	Lookout Mountain
Chickahominy	Charleston	City Point
Mobile	&c., &c.	&c., &c.

Everybody is interested in these memorable scenes. Catalogue sent on receipt of stamp. Just published by E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 501 Broadway, N. Y.

\$20 G. & S. Crystal D. P. \$20
\$1,000 a year can be realized gilding and putting up the Crystal Door Plate. Agents wanted. Stock, Tools and Instructions cost \$20. L. L. TODD & CO., 30 Nassau street, New York.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
519-310

The National Park Bank

of New York.
Capital, \$2,000,000 | Surplus, \$1,300,000
This Bank will issue Certificates of Deposit, bearing interest, on favorable terms. J. L. WORTH, Cashier.
New York, August 21, 1865. 519-310

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Fortress Monroe, Harper's Ferry, Newbern, Port Royal, and all other places, should be sent at half rates, by HARRDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Sellers charged low rates. 0000

Shultz' Ointment, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTZ, Troy, N. Y. 512-24

STRASBURGER & NUHN,
63 Maiden Lane,
Cor. of William Street,
Having imported the Largest Assortment of

TOYS,
CHINA FANCY GOODS,
BEADS.

Now offer to buyers superior inducements from an entirely new and most carefully selected stock bought for cash, AT THE LOWEST PRICES. 622-230

CALEBERG & VAUPEL'S PIANOFORTES.

99 & 101 Bleeker Street, Second Block West of Broadway. Warranted for Six Years.

GOLD PENS.—The best Pen for the least money is the JOHNSON PEN, warranted for one year, 11 cents fine; also every variety of Penholders on hand. Pens pointed on receipt of 50 cents. Pens sent by mail. Send for circular. E. B. JOHNSON, Manufacturer and Office, No. 15 Maiden Lane. 519-310



GOLD ENAMELED \$2 EACH.

E. T. HAYWARD,

308, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

I have now the Regulation Badge for every department of the army. I will send a sample (coin silver) with your name, regiment, and company, engraved thereon, on the receipt of \$1.50, and the style as represented above for either corps, on the receipt of \$2. Local Agents wanted everywhere. A liberal discount to dealers.

Philadelphia Photograph and Album
DEPOT, best and cheapest. Send for catalogue. HAD-BACH BROS., 26 N. 8th street, Phil. 522-330

Derby's Sure Cure for Piles.
Price 75 cents per box. BURLING & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., Sole Agents. 520-530

EUROPEAN POCKET TIME-KEEPER,

One Dollar Each.
(Patent applied for June 29th 1865.)

AN EXACT and RELIABLE POCKET TIME-KEEPER for the poor man. A decidedly unique and wonderful novelty. Correctly constructed on the most approved scientific PRINCIPLES, and warranted to DEMONSTRATE SOLAR TIME, with absolute certainty and the utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly and elaborate Time-keeper of modern manufacture. It never can be wrong. "It requires no key," or winding up. Never runs down; and can never be too fast or too slow. It is a most remarkable article. Just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is protected by "Royal Letters Patent." Price for a single one, with plain or fancy White Dial, in Gold or Silver-Gilt Case, only \$1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DELAMERE & CO., Sole Proprietors, 204 and 206 Broadway, N. Y.

For a Fortune
Address HARRIS & CO., Boston, Mass. 521-330

Shooting, Fishing, AND Sporting Tackle

of all kinds.
ALFRED WOODHAM,
424 Broadway,
Bet. Canal and Howard Sts., N. Y. 510

Repairing done well.



Without Spectacles, Doctor or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. 0000

The Brazilian Hair Curler. One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of \$1. Address S. S. CHASE, Cohoes, N. Y. 512-24